



No. 335.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AND HER SON, THE MARQUIS OF TITCHFIELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS ALICE HUGHES, GOWER STREET.

A WONDERFUL OLD LADY WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE "WATERLOO BALL."

Far away in the south-eastern corner of Ireland a Wonderful Old Lady of Ninety-six Summers is living. Mr. Yeats has pictured a "land where even the old are fair." That must be the County of Kilkenny, for you will find Lady Louisa Madelina Tighe in her home at Woodstock, Inistioge, enjoying vigorous health, and as erect as if she were Sixteen instead of Ninety-six. She has spent seventy-four years in Kilkenny, but she is not an Irishwoman. And yet she is bound to Ireland by many ties. Her father became Lord-Lieutenant there so long ago as 1807, when the Duke of Wellington, then Mr. Arthur Wellesley, as Chief Secretary (1807-9)

the famous ball which has immortalised her, and placed her in the position of being the only woman of modern times whose name is indissolubly connected with a British battle. Two hundred guests were invited, including fifty ladies, and they assembled in the big room where Lady Louisa and her sisters learnt their lessons and played battle-dore and shuttlecock. Lady Louisa, then a schoolgirl of twelve, was present at that historic festival, which her kinsman Lord Byron has rendered doubly famous in "Childe Harold." Her sister (her senior by eight years), the late Lady de Ros, who died in 1891, at the age of over



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to her father, used to ride out with her and her sisters in the Phoenix Park. As a little girl of twelve, she danced at the famous ball at Brussels from which our countrymen were so hastily summoned to fight at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, so that she is a living part of the great Napoleonic Saga that still fascinates the waking world. All this is so completely a thing of yesterday that it seems incredible that anybody should now be living who saw it all; but, then, Lady Louisa is a Wonderful Woman, and that is why I picture her to-day among the Gallery of Youth that claims the attention of *The Sketch*.

Lady Louisa Tighe (born Lennox) is a daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, and is one of three of his twelve children still alive, for all her brothers—seven valiant youths they were—have vanished, while but two of her sisters, now bearing the historic names of Pitt and Cecil, remain with us. She was born in 1803, and has thus seen four Sovereigns on the British throne. George III. died when she was seventeen. Instead of being merely her King, he might have been her kinsman, for he had been madly in love with her great-aunt, Lady Sarah Lennox. Lady Sarah, however, would have none of him. One day, while hunting, she broke her own leg—and the future King's heart. So he married Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and she allied herself to Sir Charles Bunbury, a sporting booby from whom she ultimately eloped. Lady Louisa has also seen George IV. and William IV., and sixty-two years of the reign of Victoria. Indeed, she is closely connected with the Royal Family, for her father in 1789 fought a duel with the Queen's uncle, the Duke of York who overlooks St. James's Park from his lofty pedestal. Her mother was one of the five beautiful daughters of the Duchess of Gordon, who raised the Gordon Highlanders; and her male relatives on every side occupied important posts in the Navy and the Army.

Early in 1815 Lady Louisa's father took his family to reside in Brussels, in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, and on June 15 her mother gave

him ninety-six, wrote a very interesting account of the ball ten years ago (which the late Sir William Fraser impugned on certain minor points).

The story is too familiar to be re-told. Two of Lady Louisa's brothers fought in the battle, while she and her sisters and their mother waited eagerly for the news of the victory, and then nursed the sick and dying who were brought into Brussels.

In 1825 she married the Right Hon. William Frederick Fownes Tighe, of Woodstock. "One Who has Kept a Diary" told us last year that her mother remarked of the match: "Poor Louisa is going to make a shocking marriage—a man called Tiggy, my dear—a saint and a Radical." Mr. Tighe died in 1878, so that Lady Louisa has been one-and-twenty years a widow. One by one her brethren have slipped away, so that she almost alone remains from among those who were at the Brussels ball. To convey some idea of her extraordinary age, I give a list of her living relations, from which you will see that she has a great-great-niece alive—

4th Duke of Richmond (1764-1819).

5th Duke of Richmond (1791-1860).

6th Duke of Richmond (born 1818).

Earl of March (born 1845).

Lord Settrington (born 1870).

Hon. Amy Gordon-Lennox (born 1894).

The wonderful
LADY LOUISA TIGHE
(born 1803, mar. 1825).

And still Lady Louisa lives in her quiet Irish home. She is a wonderful reminiscence—a relic of a past that has long since been merged into far-away history.

J. M. B.



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SOME RARE MILITARY MEDALS SOLD LAST WEEK BY MESSRS. DEBENHAM, STORR, AND SONS.



THIS WONDERFUL OLD LADY (LADY LOUISA TIGHE) WAS PRESENT AT THE FAMOUS WATERLOO BALL.

She was born in 1803, and is still in the pink of health, as you will see from this photograph, which has just been taken by Messrs. Lafayette, of Dublin

WHERE DREYFUS WILL BE TRIED.

The city of Rennes, which is to be the scene of the second Dreyfus trial, is nowadays stigmatised as "the ugliest and dullest town in France"; but it did not always deserve this uncomplimentary description. For over five centuries, when it was the capital of the independent Duchy of Bretagne, it was the centre of stirring historical events and political intrigues. It was there that, towards the end of the fifteenth century, one of the most interesting royal romances in the world was enacted, when several princely suitors contended for the hand of the reigning Duchess, Anne, then a lovely girl scarcely in her "teens."

The Sire d'Albret, ancestor of Henry of Navarre, forcibly abducted the young Duchess, but she was pursued and rescued by that gallant soldier of fortune Count Dunois, who carried the fainting girl on his war-horse back to Rennes, where the indignant citizens gave them a right royal reception.

Two years later Rennes was the scene of Anne's marriage by proxy to Maximilian, King of the Romans, whom she espoused in the hope that he would protect her from the persecution of d'Albret on the one hand, and the King of France on the other. Some chroniclers aver that Charles VIII., her hereditary enemy, had visited Anne's Court incognito, disguised as a squire in the train of Louis d'Orléans, and had then fallen in love with the imperious young beauty. It is certain that the news of her contract with Maximilian

enraged him immeasurably. He raised an army, marched into Bretagne, and, the city of Nantes being treacherously surrendered by the disappointed suitor, d'Albret, Charles was very soon encamped in front of Rennes. The beleaguered Duchess was forced to accept the terms proposed, which were that her contract with Maximilian should be annulled by a Papal dispensation, and that she should marry the King of France, who, on his side, promised to respect the independence of the Duchy. It is recorded that Charles and his vanquished Duchess lived most happily together for a few years, until he died prematurely, the result of an accident. The widowed Queen retired to her own city of Rennes, where she was wooed and wedded by Louis XII., thus becoming for the second time Queen of France.

In 1720 Rennes was devastated by a fire that raged for seven days and demolished nearly the whole of the city. Among the very few remaining traces of the ancient buildings is the Porte Mordelaise, the gate through which the Dukes of Bretagne were wont to make their triumphal entries. Almost the only buildings of importance in modern Rennes are the Cathedral and the Palais de Justice; the latter was commenced in 1618, after designs by Debrosse, the architect of the Palais Luxembourg, and was finished in 1654. The interior is beautifully decorated from designs by the most famous artists who flourished in the days of Louis le Grand. The building was restored in comparatively recent times at the cost of £40,000.



MRS. TREE PRESIDING AT THE STAGELAND STALL.



THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN AT THE IRISH STALL.



THE ARGENTINE STALL: AN EMPORIUM FOR OSTRICH-FEATHERS AND FURS.

The bazaar held at the Albert Hall on behalf of the Charing Cross Hospital resulted on Wednesday in clearing a sum of £3200, and on Thursday of £7100, making a total of £13,300. These pictures have been taken by Messrs. Langley, of New Bond Street, W.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS FROM JULY 1, 1899.

EAST COAST EXPRESS ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS AND DINING ARRANGEMENTS.

A Special FIRST- AND THIRD-CLASS CORRIDOR DINING-CAR EXPRESS will leave King's Cross at 11.20 a.m. for EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN.

The 8.15 p.m. SPECIAL SCOTCH SLEEPING-CAR EXPRESS will run on Sundays as well as week-days.

The 10 a.m. DAY SCOTCH EXPRESS will consist of First- and Third-Class Corridor Carriages, and will convey passengers to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, &c.

The 2.20 p.m. FIRST- AND THIRD-CLASS CORRIDOR DINING-CAR EXPRESS will convey passengers to EDINBURGH, &c.

FIRST- AND THIRD-CLASS CORRIDOR DINING-CAR EXPRESSES also leave Edinburgh (Waverley) at 12.20 noon and 2.20 p.m. for London (King's Cross).

NORWAY, VIA HULL.

A special Boat Express with THIRD-CLASS LUNCHEON-CAR attached will leave King's Cross at 10.55 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only, until Aug. 19 inclusive, for Hull; and from Hull at 9.15 a.m. on Mondays only, until Sept. 25, for King's Cross.

EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES.

A special Express will leave London (King's Cross) at 11.30 a.m. for SCARBOROUGH, FILEY, BRIDLINGTON, and WHITBY on week-days.

A special Express will leave London (King's Cross) at 1.10 p.m. for CROMER (Beach), SHERINGHAM, MUNDESLAY-ON-SEA, and YARMOUTH (Beach) on week-days. Both these trains stop at Finsbury Park.

NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, AND MANCHESTER.

The First- and Third-Class Luncheon-Car Express now leaving London (King's Cross) at 9.20 a.m. for Nottingham, Sheffield, and Manchester will leave at 10.25 a.m.

First- and Third-Class Dining-Cars are also attached to the 5.30 p.m. Express from King's Cross, and to the Up Expresses leaving Manchester (Central) at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. each week-day.

LEEDS, BRADFORD, AND WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

First- and Third-Class Luncheon- or Dining-Cars are attached each week-day to the Expresses leaving King's Cross at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and to the Up Expresses leaving Leeds (Central) at 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

First- and Third-Class Cars are also attached on Sundays to the trains leaving King's Cross at 12 noon and Leeds (Central) at 5.25 p.m., and Third-Class Cars only to the train leaving Leeds (Central) at 12.15 noon.

HARROGATE AND ILKLEY.

Through carriages for Harrogate are attached to the Express trains leaving London (King's Cross) at 10.25 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. on week-days.

Numerous other alterations will be made in the train service throughout the line. For full particulars see the Company's time-books, bills, and other notices. Holiday Leaflets and List of Farmhouse and Country Lodgings (price one penny, by post twopence), Illustrated Guide to Scotland (by post one penny), and Programme of Tourist Week-End tickets (gratis) may be had from the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station.

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General Manager.

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GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

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SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TOO.

TOMMIES: FROM CROMWELL TO WELLINGTON.

The value of this volume, "From Cromwell to Wellington," which Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has edited for Lawrence and Bullen, is rather in its indirect moral lessons than in its matter or its literary workmanship. There is nothing very new or striking in the memoirs themselves, which are often overlaid with historical detail, or are mere *réchauffés* of life-stories that have been better told elsewhere. The monograph on Cromwell is very commonplace, and the appreciation of his military character altogether inferior to that published some time since by Major Walford, R.A. Again, the biography of Marlborough, by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, is not all-sufficing; it cannot compare with Lord Wolseley's still fragmentary life. Peterborough has received much more sympathetic treatment from General Frank Russell than from Major Cooper, and it is impossible to accept General Maurice's memoir of Wellington as worthy of the subject or the writer. Some gaps have, however, been filled, after a fashion. It cannot be quite conceded that Sir Archibald Alison's Life of Wolfe is satisfying, but it will serve till a better appears, and the same may be said of the memoirs of Eyre Coote, Abercromby, Baird, and Sir John Moore, especially the last-named.

Nevertheless, this book, which Lord Roberts introduces to us with a brief criticism, from his own point of view, of its contents and the respective merits of the "twelve soldiers" treated, has its uses. It brings before us on one canvas the portraits of some of the most notable commanders who under varying circumstances have more or less victoriously directed the national arms. What the writers have too generally neglected the reader can do for himself. He can compare the qualities of each, and while noting that they were all manner of men, different in class, character, idiosyncrasies, can see how closely they resembled each other in spirit. They were not all bred to the business of war; some came to it without training, late in life: Cromwell was forty-three before he girt on the sword; Clive passed from a counting-house to the command of troops in the field; Arthur Wellesley was a "curled darling" of Society prematurely pushed forward, as it might have been thought, by aristocratic influence into a position of tremendous trust. But all alike were born leaders, and as such quickly—nay, intuitively—realised how success could best be achieved; all, when they found the methods to hand did not suffice, readily invented and adopted others. Thus the triumph of the Parliamentary cause was mainly due to Cromwell's clear conception of the kind of men he must recruit and the sort of army he must fashion to beat the Royalists in the field. The "new model," that splendid force of steady, sober, respectable middle-class citizens who fought as hard as they prayed, and became the finest troops that this country has ever owned, was entirely Cromwell's creation. Marlborough soon decided that, if the heterogeneous elements he commanded were to make head against the well-trained legions of France, he must perfect their armament and develop their tactical efficiency. Peterborough, who in his beginnings was more a sailor than a soldier, saw instinctively the advantage to be gained by employing dragoons, the prototype of our modern mounted infantry, the hybrid warrior who fights both on foot and on horseback. Clive, seeing that the limited numbers of English-born soldiers left him were too weak to cope with the overwhelming forces opposed to him, engaged native levies, and foreshadowed that system of seeking allies in subject races which is to-day becoming more and more largely adopted to meet the needs of our ever-increasing Empire. Lake, in the Mahratta War, invented horse artillery by devising his "galloper guns," guns to which horses were harnessed, and which became as mobile and ubiquitous as cavalry. Moore invented skirmishing when he so patiently trained his brigade at Shorncliffe in "open order" movements, which these regiments afterwards practised with so much effect in the Peninsula. Wellington was before everything a master of constructive detail; although his skill as a commander was of the first order, it was his original genius in organisation and administration, his skill in building up the perfect army he led at the last, which are the most enduring proof of his greatness.

Another lesson inculcated, albeit unconsciously, in these pages is that no difficulties should deter the good soldier who is imbued with an abiding sense of duty to his country from carrying his imposed through. Clive committed suicide, worn out by the incessant venomous attacks of his fellow-countrymen who forgot that he had won them an Empire. The most cruel case of all is Moore's—a General forced against his own judgment to enter upon operations for which he had no adequate force, who was betrayed by his absolutely worthless allies, and condemned for retreating before Napoleon, when to hold his ground would have certainly entailed the most terrible disaster. Fate was kinder to Wellington, but, if his later glory rather effaces his early trials, it should never be forgotten that he was denounced in Parliament as incompetent, that his first peerage was not granted without opposition, and that the City of London, which in the end loaded him with rich gifts, at one time petitioned for his recall from Spain.

England has been served by many devoted sons, and by none more nobly than by the "twelve soldiers" whose deeds are here illustrated. But the lesson of their lives should be laid closely to heart by all who may be called upon to assume like responsibilities.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

TARS: FROM HOWARD TO NELSON.

The biographies of twelve sailors, which Mr. J. Knox Laughton has edited for Lawrence and Bullen, and which have been incorporated into one volume, "From Howard to Nelson," are satisfactory as giving the merest outline of each individual career, but it will be generally felt that they are in themselves insufficient. The excessive brevity of the sketches is in accordance with the scheme of the companion volumes, but it is impossible to obtain a very definite conception of the salient idiosyncrasies and characteristics of the men upon whose shoulders, to a great extent, the fortunes of the British Empire may be said to have rested. The volume makes no pretence at original research, while the facts of history and biography are taken largely from the memoirs in the "Dictionary of National Biography." This, perhaps, deprives the volume of some interest, and since the historical detail of these events has been described so often, it is to be regretted that an opportunity of depicting *la vie intime* of these early Englishmen in a single monograph has been ignored.

To assign a date to the birth of the English Navy is impossible. When English history begins the Navy was already an English institution. What was done by Alfred, by Ethelred, and by Henry VIII. was to project its efficiency by improving the construction, the organisation, the administration, of what was already in existence. Perhaps as an organised national defence the Navy owes more to the influence of Henry VIII. than to any other British Sovereign. Henry VII. steered the Navy clear of the banks and shoals which had so ruined it during the rule of Henry VI., but the modern organisation of the Navy was begun by Henry VIII. Since that date each century has witnessed development, from sailing-ship to screw line-of-battle ship, until each was superseded by the ironclad. It has had its periods of poverty and distress, its stages of affluence and prosperity. But at a very early period it was known that the security of the kingdom was dependent upon the Navy, and, although the Civil Wars of the fifteenth century distracted public and official attention from its less pressing requirements, the permanence of this tradition was effectual in maintaining a no uncertain continuity of progress. From time to time the Navy has been inspired by the personal exertion and influence of some one man, who, if more usually a plain sailor, has been, in the case of Henry VIII., a Sovereign Monarch. In many ways this personal domination has been a characteristic of the Empire, while, in the Navy, between the rise of Howard and the death of Nelson, the twelve sailors who are treated of in this one book also epitomise varying instances of the personal equation.

What has been aimed at in this volume is to show how the work and methods of the great sailors of the past appeal to the sailors of the present. The moral is obvious, and suggests the necessity for close application, for perseverance, for courage, for indomitable endurance. These faculties are not bestowed upon every man, much less upon every sailor, and he who reads should mark the system and signs of the lives of these twelve apostles of the deep. The book includes Howard, by the editor; Drake, by G. D. Bedford; Blake, by Montagu Burrows; Rooke, by C. C. P. Fitzgerald; Anson, by A. H. Markham; Hawke and Boscawen, by E. R. Fremantle; Rodney and Hood, by R. Vesey Hamilton; Howe, by Sturges Jackson; St. Vincent and Nelson, by P. H. Colomb; and, although these lives are held up to-day as models, "such the manners and such the morals of the time" that in many cases a proud and loving country made no return. But the book serves a purpose. Nelson in action with an opposing fleet stands more nearly as a specially inspired being than any great man of modern times. The complete destruction of his country's enemies was the single desire of his soul.

It would seem, however, that the profession of the sea gives to those who follow it from their infancy many traits in common. In English history, Drake was the first to win distinction and fame purely as a seaman. The qualities of Drake and Nelson are not unidentical. Drake, impatient of advice, intolerant of opposition, self-possessed, self-sufficing, Nelson, with less self-possession, or with greater diffidence, and wider consciousness, are removed only by the lapse of time. The two men died in harness and at sea; Drake during a hostile expedition to the West Indies. Blake became a naval officer at fifty through the incidence of the Civil War. He stepped from the pulpit to the quarter-deck, and from there to the military camp with equal assurance. His success justified the confidence of Cromwell. He died of scurvy and dropsy. The deaths of some of these twelve are instructive: Howard in retirement, Drake of dysentery, Blake of scurvy; Rooke, dismissed, died in disgrace; Anson, who introduced "classes," initiated the corps of marines, instituted the inspection of dockyards and other reforms, and who was more administrator than fighter, died suddenly; Hawke, who "kept foreigners from fooling us," and won a crowning victory at Quiberon Bay, and was neglected for his pains, died with honours, winning even greater appreciation from posterity; Boscawen, who with that other great sailor of the eighteenth century, Hawke, maintained our supremacy upon the sea, was stricken with typhoid. The tale runs on: they lived for and they died in the service of their country, and to each their present historians have paid hero-worship. Perhaps to the casual reader it will seem that criticism has been withheld, and praise unduly lavished. But where so much has depended upon a single man, the clamour of admiration is prone to riot.

J. A. H.

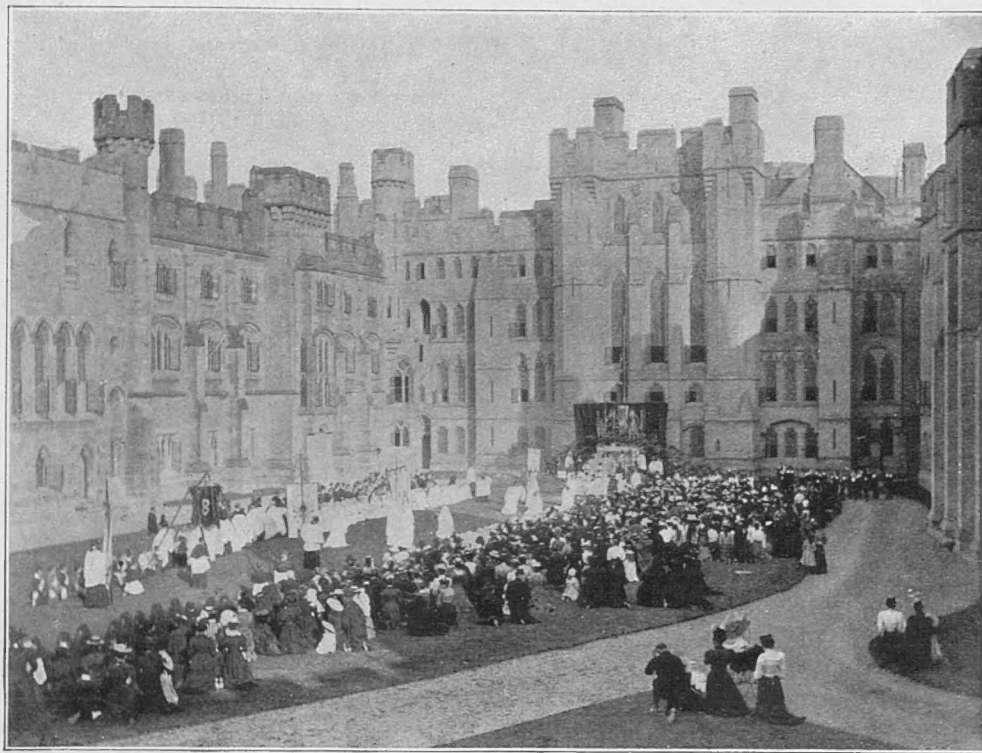
SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The devotion of the Duke of Norfolk to Rome is, I suppose, familiar to most of my readers. Herewith I give a picture of the service of the Feast of Corpus Christi which was held in a quadrangle of Arundel Castle, the famous Sussex seat of the Howards. The first part of the service took place in the Church of St. Philip Neri. Then a procession was formed, and the Blessed Sacrament was carried from the church along the top of the High Street, through the Castle grounds into the quadrangle, where a temporary altar had been erected for the remainder of the service.

They are thankful for small mercies in the House of Commons. After four or five months of intolerable dullness, members have brightened up at the prospect of a July fight over a Bill to relieve the English Church clergy of half their rates. This is "contentious" business at last, and the Parliament man trusts to contention to keep him before the country. "C. B." fell upon the Bill with great vigour. Nobody regards the new Leader of the Opposition as a genius, but he proved his Parliamentary capacity by the vivacity and the flourish with which he opened the attack on the Clerical Bill. It was the most effective and successful piece of work he has done. No doubt he took particular pains to do it well, because it was a task which Sir William Harcourt would have accomplished with great spirit. Sir William was not present at the time. He arrived a few minutes later, when all Liberals were praising his successor. To have found his place so adequately filled must have been a trial to the magnanimity even of a patriotic politician! On

the whole, the Liberals have been satisfied by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's work during his first Session.

Mr. Hanbury is one of the men of the moment in the House of Commons. He has distinguished himself by the zeal and earnestness with which he has promoted the Telephones Bill. So closely has he associated himself with this measure that, if it should be wrecked, his own position would be affected. Mr. Hanbury is a very capable man, and very masterful. Some years ago, as a Chairman of Select Committees, he came into conflict with the Parliamentary Bar by trying to abolish one of its abuses, and, as a private member, he did much useful service in the criticism of the Estimates. Now the Estimates are in his charge. Mr. Hanbury has an immense amount of work to do as Secretary to the Treasury and as the spokesman for the Post Office in the House of Commons. He gets through it in a manner which excites the envy of Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles and the admiration of the House. He is one of the tallest members, and is very active and alert, with a good voice and a clear head. There is less red tape about him than with most Ministers. He deals with the affairs of his Department in the spirit of a business-man who knows what he wants and means to get it. When he was member for Tamworth, he made himself notorious by his personal attacks on Mr. Gladstone. That, however, was a quarter of a century ago. In his maturer years he has attacked abuses, not persons. He is a landed proprietor in Staffordshire.



THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI CELEBRATED IN THE COURTYARD OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S HISTORIC HOME, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

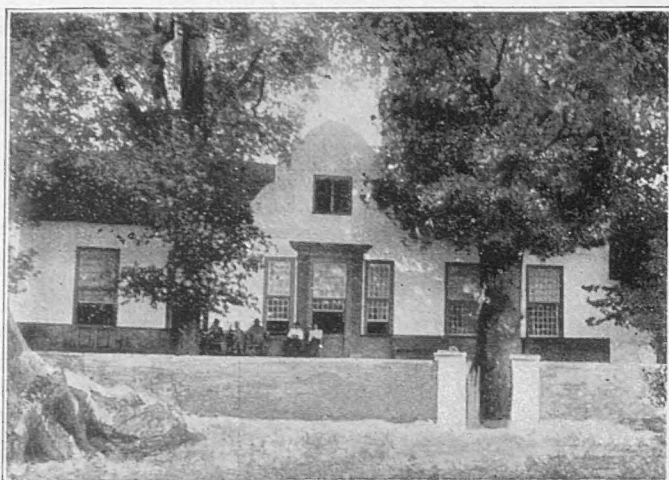
Photo by Alfred Pierce.



THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS: A NEW VIEW OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

Anything South African is of interest at this moment, hence I give a picture of one of the oldest Dutch houses. It is called "Vergelegen," which means "Far Off," and, no doubt, refers to the great distance from Capetown—thirty-three miles—before the existence of railways,

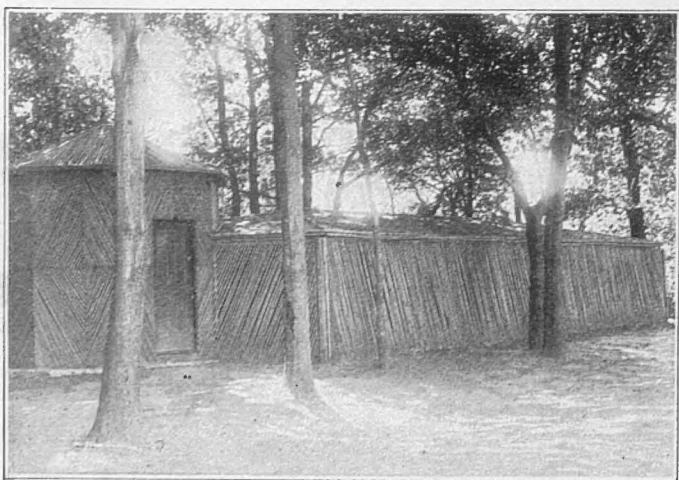


VAN DER STELL'S HOUSE, ONE OF THE OLDEST MANSIONS AT THE CAPE.

when the chief mode of travelling was by bullock-waggon. The estate was planned for and under the immediate supervision of Governor Willem Adriaan van der Stell in the year 1700 A.D., was confiscated by the Dutch East Company in 1707, and subdivided and sold in four portions in 1707. During those seven years of occupation by Governor van der Stell, Vergelegen was designed and planned in a manner befitting its noble owner, and was cultivated up to a high standard of excellence. The mansion is still in perfect preservation; its doors, floors, ceiling, and, in fact, all its woodwork, are of solid camphor-wood, imported for that purpose. Its numerous small window-panes and the square Batavian bricks wherewith the stoep is paved belong to the age when building-material was brought from over the sea by sailing-vessels. This estate, which adjoins Sir James Sivewright's farm, Lourensford, was bought by him for £10,000 from Mr. Theunissen, who, with his ancestors, had possessed it for about a century.

There may be some significance in the circumstance that, at a time when the relationship between England and the Transvaal has reached a critical stage, the granite monument intended to commemorate the Presidency of Oom Paul should arrive at Pretoria. Constructed by an Aberdeen firm to the order of a committee of Transvaal patriots, the monument attains a height of sixty feet, while its base will cover a space of between thirty and forty yards square. The granite is a dull red, and only in one or two small portions has the stone been polished. There are two lower-base courses, and around the upper runs a finely carved balustrade. Above this are placed several rectangular dies, which will bear inscriptions the text of which is a secret as yet to official circles in Pretoria. This imposing granite structure will be surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of Kruger.

Mr. Rhodes is trying to acclimatise the rook in South Africa, and, according to accounts, with considerable success. He had a number of young birds sent out last year, and they have done so well that the *Dunvegan Castle*, which sailed on June 10, took out five hundred more. There is nothing more home-like than the rookery chorus on a summer's



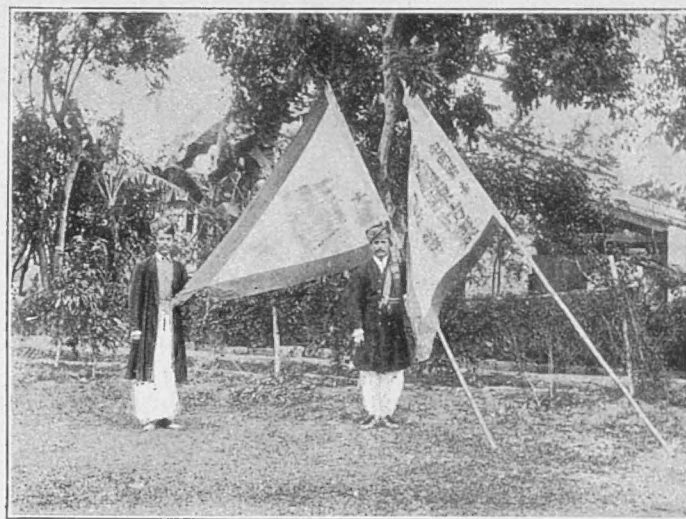
SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT'S BATH-HOUSE.

evening, but whether this rook colonisation scheme is destined to be numbered among the benefits conferred by Mr. Rhodes on South Africa is another matter. Experiments in acclimatisation have not been so uniformly successful as to encourage hope of beneficial results from new ventures. When a plague of locusts devastated whole districts in Cape

Colony a little time ago, somebody arose in print and prayed for rooks to be sent to eat them, wherewith somebody else arose and inquired, with much point, what the rooks would eat in normal seasons when there weren't any locusts. When an importation in fur or feather "does well" to begin with, it has a disagreeable way of "doing" much too well to wind up with. You remember the mungoose experiment in Jamaica? In 1871 a colonist introduced the mungoose to kill down the cane-rats, which were ruining the sugar-plantations; in 1882 the colonists estimated that the mungoose was worth £150,000 to the sugar industry; and in 1891 a Commission was appointed to consider how the mungoose could be exterminated, it was doing so much mischief.

Some few weeks ago I wrote of the proposal to break up the fine band of the Royal Artillery, and suggested that the strength of the "Gunnery" would allow of three or four strong bands being maintained. I am very pleased to learn that, though it has not yet been decided whether two or three additional bands shall be formed, it is quite certain that the band will not be broken up. This is the main point: the Royal Artillery band will remain, although the regiment has been divided up into "The Royal Horse Artillery," "The Royal Field Artillery," and "The Royal Garrison Artillery." This division up to the present is mainly a paper one, for many of the officers of the mounted portion are still doing duty with the Garrison branch, and it is already freely predicted that the Royal Regiment will once more become *tria juncta in uno*. Leaving out of account the stronger bands of the Infantry regiments, it may be noted that the thirty-one Cavalry regiments have about nine hundred musicians, all told, while the Artillery, with a strength of more than twice that of the Cavalry, have only about a hundred.

These two men of the Hong-Kong Regiment are holding two of the banners captured from the Chinese on April 15. The men are in plain clothes, which they usually wear, even at parades under the native



BANNERS CAPTURED FROM THE CHINESE.

officers. The one between the flags is Havildar Afzul Khan, a Banghash Khatak; he has auburn hair and blue eyes. The other is Zaota Khan, a private, a Barakzai; he is dark.

The 10th Hussars are indeed a favoured regiment. Although there are two other British Cavalry regiments styled the "Prince of Wales" or the "Prince of Wales' Royal," the 10th are the only regiment with the title "Prince of Wales' Own Royal." His Royal Highness is the Colonel of the "Chainy Tenth," and the Duke of Clarence served for some years with the regiment, being one of its majors at the time of his death. Now, much to the chagrin of the Navy, the Duke of York has announced his intention of making a soldier of the young Prince Edward, and that, in all probability, he will begin his military career in the 10th. Although the regiment cannot boast such a long list of "honours" as some others, it dates from 1715, and has seen more service than many with a longer roll. Its title of "Prince of Wales' Own" was given it more than a hundred years ago, when it was a Light Dragoon regiment, and in 1796 the then Prince of Wales (George IV.) was its Colonel, and at his wish it was made a Hussar regiment in 1806, and the word "Royal" was added to its title. After Waterloo, in which the 10th broke a French square, and "killed or took prisoner nearly every man," a party of the regiment was within an ace of making Napoleon prisoner, for he had but just left his carriage when they captured it. The 10th have the peculiar distinction of being the only regiment whose officers' and drummer's horses' trappings are decorated with cowrie-shells.

Besides the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres, the latter part of July will see quite a new departure, for General Chapman, the energetic Commander of the Scottish District, has succeeded in his endeavours to get a series of manœuvres held in the Northern Kingdom. So the whole of the Regular regiments stationed in Scotland and some thirteen Volunteer battalions are to assemble in the neighbourhood of Dunbar Common, Haddingtonshire. There two camps are to be formed—the Northern and Southern—and over an area seven miles by four there will be much marching and counter-marching and burning of powder.

I am deeply interested in all the customs pertaining to beating the bounds. In London, as you know, it is the schoolboys who perambulate the bounds equipped with big staves. But in Scotland it is usually the members of the Town Council, followed by a motley gathering of burghers, who carry out the custom. The Royal Burgh of Forres has just beaten its bounds after a lapse of the custom for fifty-eight years. The ground covered in the "riding" extended to close on twenty miles, and all the members of the Council, officials and others, were mounted. At the furthest and highest point a halt was made and the ceremony of "doup-ing" the burgesses gone through in presence of a large crowd.

The "douping"-stone is a huge boulder on the top of the Califer Hill, and must weigh many tons. A magnificent view of the country is obtained from this point, portions of no fewer than seven counties coming within the range of the eye. On this occasion, three of the leading county gentlemen were candidates for the honour, and the scene represented in the picture shows the first of the trio—Mr. Walker, factor to Sir William Gordon-Cumming—in the very act of being initiated. The ceremony consists of dumping the candidate three times on the west side of the "douping"-stone—over which a platform was erected for the orations—the dumping party consisting of Bailies Lawrence, Munro, and Cramond, and Dean of Guild MacDonald, superintended by Provost Grant in his robes of office. The two senior Bailies had the candidate by the arms, whilst the junior Bailie and Dean of Guild took the legs.

The secret force charged to protect the French President is far from scant, and, if he had been willing to keep it to its functions, it might have spared M. Loubet the attack of the other Sunday. It is a force quite apart from that which everybody sees, from the Army contingent, the police, and the reserve post of the City Guard, purposely displayed and serving above all for decoration. This service that nobody sees is composed of twenty persons in permanent service, and of fifty persons when the President travels, to say nothing of a currently reported third service, whose mysterious rôle is denied by the police. All this machinery, which M. Loubet's predecessor kept in constant occupation, seems formidable and complicated in the midst of a Republic.

The bodyguard of twenty, located permanently at the Elysée, takes its orders from the chief of the President's military house. It is divided into two parts, of eleven and nine, serving alternately. When the President leaves the Palace, the eleven move with him. They surround his carriage in the crowded street, while their chief acts as shepherd-dog. It was this escort that Carnot dispensed with at Lyons. The

imprudence cost him his life. The thirty men that are added to these when the President travels are directed by the Ministry of the Interior. They are launched ahead to the various towns where the President will stop—six to one place, ten to another, two to another, according to the town's importance. They put themselves in relation with the local police and wait the President's arrival, and then move on, while their

chief moves always ahead of the President. The third service, real or legendary, is composed of men in fantastic disguise; of persons in slouch-hats and heavy canes, supposed to resemble Anarchists, who cry "Vive la République!" in suspicious muffled tones; of troubadours in quartets, with a violin always mute; of pedlars that sell nothing and observe much. Those who followed Félix Faure on his peregrinations say that the same Anarchists and pedlars and troubadours were to be met everywhere on the route.

This escort, with consign never to lose sight of him, makes M. Loubet, they say, positively miserable. He escaped from them the other day, and it gave rise to an amusing incident. There was consternation. All the bicycles of the Palace were set in motion; there was riding hither and yon, and nearly rousing the city, when M. Loubet

was discovered promenading the avenue of the Champs Elysées in quiet conversation with his son.

"Saturday Night in London" is the attractive and richly suggestive title of a new melodrama of modern life just being produced in the country by a touring manager. Will one of its phases be that described by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his fine poem, "Jenny"?

The gardens of Buckingham Palace looked resplendent last week, when the Duke of Connaught inspected the Yeomen of the Guard. The Guard is not only the oldest Body Guard, but it is the oldest corps extant. It can boast of a history of over four centuries, for it was formed by Henry VII., and made its public appearance at a Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's after Bosworth, and again at his Majesty's coronation on Oct. 30, 1485. Since then there has been no royal pageant or ceremonial in which the Yeomen of the Guard have not taken a more or less conspicuous part. To the number of ninety-six of all ranks, they were drawn up in two lines. The band of the Scots Guards was in the rear, and the spectators included Lord Kitchener. One of the most interesting figures on parade was Sergeant-Major Arthur Rule, who, with Sergeant-Major William Holmes, holds rank as "Messenger." This was his thirty-sixth inspection, he being the senior Yeoman. His breast was covered with war-medals and decorations, including the emblem of the Legion of Honour.



SCOTSMEN "DOUP" ONE ANOTHER IN ORDER TO REMEMBER WHERE THE BOUNDARY STONES ARE PLACED.

Reproduced from the Drawing by William Reid, Forres.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ADDRESSING THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL, REGENT STREET, W.

A masque at the Guildhall the last four days of the month. Wait a moment—what is a masque, anyhow? I know now. It is a satire on things and people. Ben Jonson wrote, Inigo Jones designed them, and King James and his Court danced in them. There is usually a procession of cities or gods and saints and sinners—dancers, tumblers, monkeys, and tomfoolery of every kind—lots of music, songs, jokes at the expense of the powers, epigrams, dialogues, riddles. The whole is in dumb-show, the only speech being by the Prolocutor, who advances and reads all that is to happen before the curtain rises, followed by dances, songs behind the curtain and in the procession. So personal were the satires and the impersonation in those days, that we find Ben Jonson threatened by one, George Withers, with a box on the ears “both sides” for representing the said George as a famous jester; and old Dr. White, the Prebend of St. Paul’s, was commanded to keep to his house for praying too conspicuously in the interest of the King, James I., and the Prince, requesting that they repent their evil ways and “keep true to their first love, religion.” The masques at Whitehall in a temporary building ended about 1637.

There is nothing new but diseases. “The Beauty’s Awakening,” the masque of to-day, provides fun for everybody. It is played by the Art Workers’ Guild. The Fool of the Party is London, poor, smoky, and ugly London. The young lady who represents her is driven off the stage by demons, and finally restored to her proper place in grand display. This is the essence of the humorous side of the play. Artists are ashamed of her, and yet they are in no



A YOUNG BRITISHER FROM BALUCHISTAN.

Photo by Bremner, Quetta.

small way responsible for her ugliness, and every blow hits home. Tickets are to be obtained from the Secretary of the Art Workers’ Guild, Mr. H. J. L. J. Massie, Clifford’s Inn, E.C.

A most successful fête was held the other day in the gardens of Mr. E. J. Sidebotham, Erlesdene, Bowdon, in aid of the new Home for Crippled Children at Southport. The home is being erected by the Children’s Union in connection with the Church of England Waifs and Strays’ Society. Mrs. Brooke, The Hive, Bowdon, who is the secretary for the Bowdon branch of the Children’s Union, was mainly instrumental in arranging the many attractions of the fête, which consisted of a procession of decorated bicycles, mail-carts, and perambulators, a Bicycle Gymkhana, concerts, dramatic performances, palmistry, and the like. There was a large refreshment-tent, which did excellent business, and also a flower-stall.

I have received from Messrs. Speaight, of Regent Street, who have made a speciality of photographing children, a very handsome book, called “Baby’s Album.” It contains twenty-one pages, to hold portraits of a baby from the year one to the time when he ceases to be even a legal infant. Personally, I shall be unable to fill up this album. *The Sketch*, indeed, is sometimes regarded as the bachelor’s paper. I am glad that Messrs. Speaight do not take that view, because I publish in the course of the year the portraits of more children than probably of anybody else—this week I give pictures of children from India and Africa. The “Baby’s Album” will bring joy to many a fond mother’s heart, and I



CONTENTED UITLANDERS.

Photo by J. A. Simpson, Johannesburg.

should also like to offer at that palpitating shrine a little tribute on my own account—

A boundless country I explore;
My friends are folks of every age;
I take you from the nursery floor,
To picture-beauties on the stage;
For mothers send
To me no end
Of children’s portraits to adore.

I send, writes one with prideful pen,
Some pretty pictures of my chicks.
My little girl is only ten;
The boy (though tall) is scarcely six.
And then she’ll hint
I ought to print
The portraits on her *ipse dixit*.

And then I get such tiny tars,
With gilded caps on golden curls;
One day perhaps they’ll carry scars
In fighting where our banner furls.
Despite their cut,
To-day they’re but
The merest mimic sons of Mars.

The little girls wear pretty frocks
To pose before the faithful lens;
They’ve natty ribbons in their locks
(Which are not parted yet like men’s).
My heart is soft,
And thus I oft
Present them—pinaflores and socks.

They come from East, they come from West,
From Canada and burning Ind,
To decorate my page abreast
Of Mabel Love or Letty Lind.
I love ’em all,
The great and small
(Especially when nicely drest).

Did time (and temperament) permit,
As neither does, I’m much afraid
Mammas would fondly make me sit
And mildly play the nursery-maid.
’Tis but for me,
Mamma, to see
Your tiny treasures roundelaye...



WINNING MAIL-CART: MRS. W. M. SMITH’S CHILDREN, OF BOWDON COLLEGE.

This interesting old Grange at Westover, which is situated about three miles from Langport, in Somersetshire, has been unfortunately burned down. In many cases the history of a parish is just the history of

To the lads themselves, the study and preparation of the plays have proved most valuable sources of instruction, and have awakened a new interest as well as provided a new recreation.



WESTOVER GRANGE HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY FIRE.

a family. In the case of Muchelney (Great Island), it really is the history of the Abbey, and that takes us back to the year 939. Matthew of Westminster tells us that the Abbey was founded in 939 A.D. by Athelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great, and the first monarch of England. There are not many legends about Muchelney. One has been preserved in a ballad by Dr. Alford, the late learned Dean of Canterbury. In that legend "Westover" is represented as a nunnery, and the tale runs that, after many years of separation, two lovers meet, one the Abbot of Muchelney, one a nun of Westover. The nun is smuggled into the monastery and hidden in a dark closet till means of flight are found, but when the door is opened is found dead.

Canning Town is a part of East London usually associated, in the minds of those who do not dwell there, with docks and soap-works rather than with classical drama. But at the Boys' Club, which is carried on in that district by residents of Mansfield House University Settlement, the study and performance of the works of Shakspeare are most popular. The Fairbairn House Club Shakspeare Society—known, for brevity, as the "Fairbairn Shakers"—has now existed for three years, under the direction first of Mr. Leonard Robjohns, and latterly of Mr. George Unwin, and has become one of the best "draws" for an evening's entertainment in the neighbourhood. The members are all lads who belong to Fairbairn House, and often come straight from the workshop or factory to their rehearsals; the costumes are made by their sisters or friends, and the scenery is painted by Mr. J. S. Russel, one of the helpers of the club. With this aid and that of their own enthusiasm, they have succeeded in giving each winter very good performances of Shaksperian plays—first, "The Merchant of Venice," then "As You Like It," and, last winter, "The Tempest."



"THE TEMPEST," AS PLAYED BY COCKNEY BOYS AT CANNING TOWN.



JERUSALEM IS THE NAME OF THIS NEW ZEALAND HAMLET.

Some months back the picture given below was of ordinary interest. But, as it happens, it is one which is not likely to be snapped again, inasmuch as it delineates the last occasion on which the "sand artists" were at liberty to prosecute their "perfection" (prior to their themselves being prosecuted) on Margate sands. It was like this. These artists used to mark off a certain portion of the beach, and claim proprietorship, to enable them to trace on the sand various unlikenesses of celebrities and churches, while the public were prevented from walking upon the space in question, for fear they should disturb the smoothness before the surface was drawn upon, or spoil the "pictures" when traced. The long-suffering moke upon the seashore was impeded in his running, for fear (sagacious beast) he should trample upon a celebrity's head, and the artist should turn again and rend him. But, in the eye of the law, this was obstruction; and, therefore, these monopolisers of the shore were fined five shillings and the usual seven-and-sixpence costs.

A few miles from the fine town of Worcester, South Africa, lies the "Brandolei Mineral Hot Spring," having a temperature of 145 degrees. It has three outlets,

which are utilised for irrigation purposes. Formerly a stream ran into a bath-room containing four baths used by rheumatic patients. Its banks are covered with grass and beautiful ferns, partly growing under the water, and the climate is such that tropical plants, such as mango and wild figs, thrive well even in winter. At that season the spring is enveloped in steam, and numbers of half-clad shepherd youths may be seen standing there of a morning to warm themselves. About thirty years ago there was a private boarding-house for invalids, but now no accommodation can be procured. Consequently, it is no longer a resort for invalids. It is in the possession of a Dutch farmer.



THIS HOT SPRING HAS A TEMPERATURE OF 145 DEGREES.
SEE HOW IT STEAMS.



ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES THAT THE "SAND ARTISTS" WILL
EVER MAKE AT MARGATE.

So Jules Rivière is returning to a London orchestra in his latter days, and will help to conduct the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden in the autumn. It is now thirty years since M. Rivière directed Promenade Concerts in London, but I have seen him frequently in town during the last few months. He is now in the immediate neighbourhood of his eightieth year, and has had a considerable experience in the Metropolis, conducting at Promenade Concerts, taking an active part in a musical-instrument business in Leicester Square, and he even directed the orchestra at the Alhambra, many years ago, during the absence of M. Jacobi. I remember M. Rivière best as conductor of the orchestra at Llandudno, where he was very popular and used to receive floral tributes nearly every night. After some years, he left the Pier orchestra, and started one on his own account. I do not think the venture was a success, owing, no doubt, to the distance of the concert-hall from the middle of the town. M. Rivière has published his reminiscences, and they are interesting reading, for he was in town long before the bulk of the community had learned to take an intelligent interest in matters musical. The direction of an orchestra would seem to be as healthy an occupation as ballet-dancing. Madame Lanner was telling me quite recently that all great dancers live to be old; certainly, all good conductors seem to go beyond the seventy years declared by the Psalmist to be the limit of man's life. Remembering that the dancer and the conductor work in a heated atmosphere and have little exercise in the open air, this longevity is surprising.

The orchestra of Signor Mori, which is such a feature of the Midland Grand Hotel dinner-hour, has now secured the services of Chiti, a well-known Florentine solo-violinist who played before Queen Victoria when she was in spring residence at the Villa Fabricotti, at Florence, and who earns nightly much applause.

The Hotel Great Central is probably the most notable specimen of architecture that has arisen for some years in a particularly dreary part



THE HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL AT MARYLEBONE.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

of Marylebone. Designed by Colonel Edis, it forms a quadrangle round a covered courtyard, which reminds you of the one at the Grand Hotel, Paris. At the northern end of the courtyard a flight of broad steps leads to a splendid lounge. Continuing northwards, you reach the main hall, in which the administrative offices are arranged on the principle so popular in the United States. A broad covered way leads from the main hall to the Great Central Railway Station, and you pass on your exit the writing-room and the coffee-room, in the last of which there is a large picture by Lord Leighton. The drawing-room is beautifully decorated, its walls being formed of Norwegian marble. It would be impossible for me to go over in detail every room in this colossal hotel. I may say, however, that the furnishing of the building is a great credit to the Maples, who have carried it out in a very successful manner.

How greatly we have improved in the art of furniture! That the countrymen of Sheraton and Chippendale should be able to make pretty furniture is not wonderful. The really curious thing is that, after that splendid period of English art-furniture, there should have been the interlude of Early Victorian atrocities of horseshair and antimacassars on the one hand, and wholesale borrowing from France on the other. The late Mr. Gleeson White once wrote an essay on simplicity of design in furniture, in which he praised the beautiful bedroom furniture designed by Messrs. Heal, of Tottenham Court Road. This firm has just turned out a beautiful catalogue, which will take its place among the literature of the subject. Their designs are very simple, but belong to those things that last. A bedroom by Heal is something to aspire to.

Mr. Percival-Westell, of St. Albans, wrote to me last week that the last authenticated record he had of a bittern breeding in our country was in the year 1897, when four nests were taken by the Rev. James Williams at Tring Reservoirs, Herts. A correspondent points out that the year when the bitterns' nests were found was 1847 or 1849, and that reference to it will be found in the last edition of Yarrell's "British Birds." My

correspondent finally says that it has been known to nest, although he cannot record definite instances, in Norfolk on several occasions since the finding of the nests at Tring fifty years ago.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Maidstone last week was a great success in point of the exhibits, though fewer people attended than



MISS ALICE DE ROTHSCHILD'S SHORTHORN COW, MISS BELLADRUM VI.

one would have thought. There were 434 horses, 683 cattle, 631 sheep, and 147 pigs. The Prince of Wales, who was present and made a speech, was elected President for the coming year. I give pictures of the first-prize cow of Miss Alice de Rothschild and the first-prize stallion belonging to the Queen.

All that is behind the appointment of Prince Louis of Battenberg to be Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence will probably never be known. There is no reason for doubting that he was offered the command of the royal yacht, and that he expressed his preference for more active employment. A better selection for the post of Assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence could not have been made, for, if there is one thing more characteristic of Prince Louis than any other, it is that he is thoroughly alive to all that is happening in the British and every other Navy. He will be sadly missed in the Channel Squadron, where his place as Flag-Captain to Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson has been taken by Captain G. Le C. Egerton, until lately Assistant-Director of Torpedoes.

Referring to the royal yacht, its Captain, Rear-Admiral Sir John Fullerton, has been ill for some time, and has just undergone an operation, which appears to have been completely successful. He hopes soon to be able to take over his duties on the bridge of the *Victoria and Albert*, and will, as usual, be in evidence at Cowes this year.

Chicago is noted for novelties. The latest takes the form of a club devoted to the Cult of the Widow. Membership is restricted to those men who have married widows and those who wish to do so. Although this strange club has only just been inaugurated, and is, therefore, not very widely known, every day brings an inundation of correspondence



THE QUEEN'S CLYDESDALE STALLION, BENTINCK.

from widows of every description anxious for re-marriage. A fairly large choice is thus offered to members. American maidens are naturally furious that their charms should be so openly slighted and placed at a discount by this very exclusive matrimonial agency. What next, Chicago?

The destruction of the home of the Clerks at Penicuik House, Midlothian, by fire has wiped out for ever Alexander Runciman's fine mural painting on the ceiling of Ossian's Hall, as well as destroyed one of the fine historical houses of the county. A little while ago the rarest books in the library of Penicuik House were sold in London for £1700. At present the house is occupied by an Edinburgh lawyer, while what used to be the factor's house, just inside the lodge-gate nearest to Penicuik, is the home of Mr. S. R. Crockett, the industrious novelist. On the artificial ponds of this estate the naval genius of John Clerk of Eldin first displayed itself, and ultimately led to the production of his "Naval Tactics." A little higher up the Esk is the reputed scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." The Clerks of Penicuik claim descent from the Drummonds of Hawthornden, through Elizabeth Henderson, granddaughter of the poet, and first wife of the first Baronet of Penicuik.

One of the most famous men of the line was Sir John Clerk, the second Baronet, one of the Commissioners for the Union and a Baron of the Exchequer. His son, Sir James, was architect of the mansion, the central portion of which was built in 1761 in the Italian style. The recent wings were added by Bryce, the architect, in 1857-8. He was a patron of Alexander Runciman, the Scottish artist, and sent him to Rome to complete his studies. On his return he employed him to paint the ceilings of the large room, afterwards known as Ossian's Hall, with scenes from Ossian's poems. The death of the painter is said to have been induced by his painful exertions in painting while lying on his back. Of the thirteen landowners in this parish in 1843, Sir George Clerk was the most considerable, his valuation amounting to one-half of the whole. The position has now been reversed. The father of Professor James Clerk Maxwell was grandson of the fourth Baronet.



FEEDING PIGEONS IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by J. R. Johnson.

strength of 103, all of whom have qualified as "extra-efficients," and between them they can boast of 55 war-medals and Volunteer decorations, with fifty-two clasps, besides "102 certificates for every conceivable subject of military training and languages, the latter from Celtic to Arabic." The company won all the regimental competitions for the season 1897-8, with one exception, winning outright the Bisset Volley-Firing Cup. The regiment has a strength of a little over 300, and is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel F. R. Upcott. Sir W. Mackworth Young, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, is its Honorary Colonel.

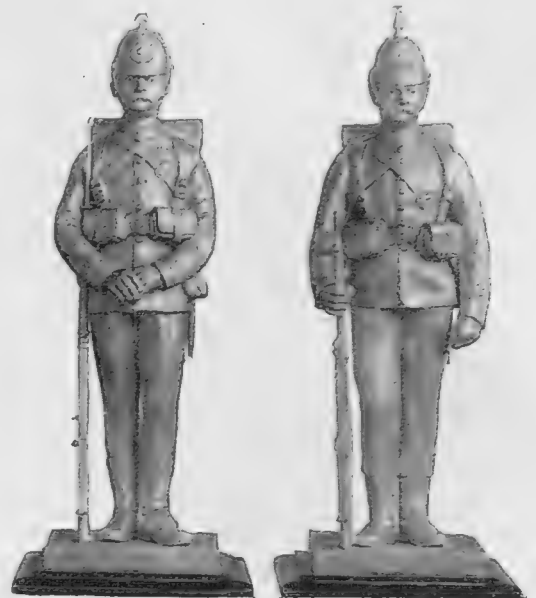
One lesson taught by the recent test-match between England and Australia has been overlooked. Nobody seems to realise how much our eleven lost by the absence of "W. G." There are people in plenty ready and anxious to declare that Dr. Grace has seen his best day, that he is no longer fit to represent his country. I offer no opinion as to the number of runs the veteran might have made against Australia, but I am well assured that he would have done much to give the home team confidence. You may get the Doctor out before he scores, but you can't make him nervous, and, with the fortunes of a side depending on his own efforts, he is as cool as though the game were of no importance. From what I saw of the match at Lord's, I came to the conclusion that nerve was lacking from our side. Nervousness and anxiety resulted in the dreadful story told by the scoring-board when six wickets were down for eleven runs apiece. Had "W. G." and Arthur Shrewsbury opened the English innings, they would in all probability have taken the keen edge off the attack. The young men are brilliant, but hardly reliable, because, when the responsibility becomes very heavy indeed, they cannot summon the confidence and experience that belong to veterans. It may be added that Dr. Grace's bowling would have been very valuable, and, had he been at point, Clement Hill's stay at the wickets would have been shorter. I look forward with confidence to the match between

In view of the Volunteer review by the Prince of Wales, peculiar interest attaches at the moment to the eighth Annual Report of the 2nd Punjab Volunteer Rifle Corps, which I have just received from Simla. In almost every frontier expedition members of the 2nd Punjab are called upon to serve; in the Tirah Expedition no less than nine took part. The war-services of the members of the corps occupy four pages of the Report. "B"

Company has a

Dr. Grace's eleven and the Australians to be played in August at the Crystal Palace.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has been presented by the officers of the Royal Marines with a pair of silver statuettes as a memento of his silver wedding. The statuettes, designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silver-smiths Company, show a gunner of the Royal Marine Artillery, and a private of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, in marching order. Each is mounted on an ebonite plinth bearing a suitable inscription, as well as the corps badge and the Coburg and Russian Arms.



MARINES IN SILVER, AS PRESENTED TO THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.

Interested as I am in every effort which goes to strengthen our provincial municipalities, I welcome a handsome pamphlet which has been sent to me dealing with the new Town Hall for Colchester. The building will be completed next year, and should be exceedingly handsome. The Corporation seem to have a very clear idea of what is wanted, as they have given a list of historical treasures which they would like to have presented to them.

In picturing the fountain erected at Ipswich for ex-Sheriff Tacon, I ought to have said that Mr. Frederick Wheeler, F.R.I.B.A., of 6, Staple Inn, designed the work, and Mr. Wheeler and the sculptor carried it out.

I have received a letter correcting the paragraph about Mr. Paul Rubens. My correspondents, both Oxford men, tell me that—

He had a very beautiful natural alto voice, and never, to the best of our knowledge, sang soprano at school. Secondly, there never was a school band in his time, and consequently he could not have given it valuable assistance. At school concerts he performed as a pianist. For some time, also, he ran a series of concerts in his house.

Among the many ancient sylvan ornaments of Needwood Forest, in Staffordshire, is the "Swileur Lawn Oak," a tree of immense size and majestic appearance, and one that is known by historical documents to be more than six hundred years old, though it is still fruitful in acorns. On account of its age, it is bound together in many places by leaden clasps (one of which is shown in the accompanying picture), and other parts of the old tree are protected by plates of tin and lead, in order to preserve the already decayed parts from further decay; so this "armoured giant" is rendered proof against storms and stress of weather for many years to come. I give here the latest measurements of this oak, which are worthy of note to those interested in our "noblest of trees." Its girth at five feet from ground is 25 ft. 6 in., the lower stem is 12 ft. in height, and the whole height 66 ft., and extent of arms 46 ft. The tree contains 1000 ft. of solid timber, and is celebrated in the beautiful poem on Needwood Forest written by Francis Noel Clarke Mundy, who lived on the north-west side of the forest. In 1656 Needwood contained 47,150 trees (chiefly oak), and, before it was deforested, 20,000 head of deer, and is supposed to have been one of Robin Hood's many haunts.



THIS OAK IS 600 YEARS OLD, AND NEEDS CRUTCHES IN THE SHAPE OF LEAD CLASPS.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF WOMEN.

It wants a deal of explaining, this International Congress of Women now conferring together in steady-going, conservative old Westminster. What does it all mean? What is its object? Is it designed for the diffusion of useful female knowledge?—there are no less than sixty meetings on the programme to be held in eight days. Or is it simply to

be understood as a huge international conversation, for there is a fine confusion of social distractions tumbling upon the heels of each other?

Anyhow, the American woman must be held responsible, for she it was, as represented in the many-sided personality of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who initiated the idea of a quinquennial gathering of the women workers of the world. The first was held at Washington; the next at Chicago, during its Exhibition; and this is the third. But the curious thing about the Constitution is that it has no direct object, no one propaganda, but simply exists to provide a means of communication between women's organisations in all countries. "Hear all sides" is its motto. This it was which caused Mrs. Fawcett and several other leading Suffragists, when

slipped off to the meeting on "Professions," to hear something from French, German, and Swedish speakers, including Madame Antoinette Sterling, about "The Effect upon Domestic Life of the Admission of Women to the Professions." That's all very well, but when are women to be enfranchised by Parliament?—for that, she declares, is the key to the whole position. So off she rushes across the Churchyard facing the Westminster Town Hall—and in that Churchyard let her see an awful warning—and just catches a 'bus to St. Martin's Town Hall, which she is optimistically informed by officials is only five minutes away, and there she arrives just in time to see eight women of different nationalities *en queue* in the process of unburdening themselves on the Franchise.

It was just the same yesterday afternoon. She rang the changes just as effectively between such diverse topics as Feminine Art, Preventive Work, Labour Legislation, and Medical Women. Yet, in spite of these distractions, she would have felt as though a day had been lost had she missed the great public meeting in the Queen's Hall last night on International Arbitration. Her object is to hear everybody and see everything, and she will religiously go through the ponderous programme till the disassembling on Tuesday next.

Looking over the programme, the greater part of which has yet to be covered, though some of the meetings are purely on technical subjects, there are many of more general interest. Besides papers on Cabinet-making, Agriculture, Bee-keeping, Ostrich-keeping, Silk-culture, Stock-breeding, Music, Journalism, Bookbinding, Glass-working, Artistic Jewellery, there are others on such subjects as Ladies in Service, Marriage and Divorce Laws, the Unpaid Services of the Housewife, the Ethics of Amusement, and, above all, the Drama as a Field for Women, to-morrow afternoon, which is sure to attract a large audience, as a paper by Miss Geneviève Ward is expected to excite discussion from Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Mary Shaw (United States), Miss Janet Achurch, and Fräulein Nina Mardon, from Germany.

THE LATEST AMERICAN PLAY.

"Jedbury Junior" had sufficient charm to make one anxious to see Mrs. Ryley's next piece. The common opinion seems that "An American Citizen," produced the other night at the Duke of York's Theatre, shows an advance upon "Jedbury," and it appears likely to enjoy a greater success, although, or perhaps because, the humours are more forced and the pathos—the Christmas plum-pudding and "mislingtoe" pathos—is more strained. Beresford Cruger is the American citizen, but he abandons his citizenship and becomes a Britisher because of an absurd stage will—whether the choice of the name Cruger, with the "g" hard, and the introduction of a citizenship question, have any intended bearing on the burning topic of the day, I do not know. The play does not really turn on the point of nationality, but on a marriage upon a total abstinence basis. Cruger weds his British bride to satisfy the conditions of the will, and starts at once for Canada, while she rambles about "Yurup." Of course, they have to meet again, and then begins a post-nuptial courtship, at the first moment of which a stage misunderstanding is introduced to enable the author to make the play last long enough. It may be questioned whether the complications introduced, the business about an absconding trustee, a superbly generous making good of trust funds, and a Dickens Christmas Eve, show very great quality in the dramatist, or promise of brilliant work—indeed, much of the curious charm of "Jedbury" is missing. Yet the laugh is with the lady, for the house seemed delighted by every aspect of the piece, and thrilled with emotion when £50,000 or dollars came to the hero in his "Our Boys" garret, and his beautiful bride arrived with a heart bang-full of love. The success of the play seems beyond dispute, and I should be charmed to put my bottom dollar in it, if not my name to it. Mr. Nat Goodwin, as the hero, showed himself an actor of far greater range and variety than as the cowboy: his method of delivering the "asides," in which lay many of the jests of the play, was very clever—in fact, he showed great skill in saying unnatural things in a natural way. Miss Maxine Elliott played charmingly as the bride, though perhaps with less effect than in the former play in which she delighted us. Miss Gertrude Elliott is quite delightful as a young American girl.



FRÄULEIN VON MILDE.

She represents German literary women, and reads this morning a paper on Women in Literature.

they came to understand the principle of the thing, to retire from active association with the Congress; for, said Mrs. Fawcett, our position might become at any moment as anomalous as if Lady Henry Somerset were to organise a meeting and invite licensed victuallers to speak and defend themselves. Five different sections—Educational, Political, Professional, Industrial, and Social—meet at the same time every morning and afternoon in five different rooms in Westminster Town Hall, the headquarters, in the Church House of Dean's Yard, and in St. Martin's Town Hall. There are delegates from every country in Europe, from the United States, from our Colonies, and from India; opinions of every sort are expressed, and yet nothing that is said is in any way crystallised, in the form of a resolution, into a definite expression of opinion. True, the meeting last night was an exception in this respect, for it is considered—by women, at any rate—that International Arbitration has passed beyond the controversial stage. Of no other subject before the Congress, not even of the Suffrage, which has attracted the "Antis" from America, can this be said.

The meetings and entertainments give one the impression that the Congress is a very prolonged conversation, in which you hear a very great deal, remember little or nothing, but realise that you have got to know a number of people, as they have got to know you, though it is very likely you may never meet again in this world.

Of course, the Congress affords many types of the eternal feminine, from the grave to the gay, from the ponderous to the pithy. There is the serious-minded woman—oh, so serious!—who suspects insincerity in every attempt at humour, and who looks upon the whole thing as a "real intellectual treat." She was, of course, present on Monday afternoon at the assembling and welcoming by Lady Aberdeen of delegates and visitors in the Church House, Westminster Town Hall at the last moment not proving large enough to accommodate so many women who wanted to be present; and equally she was in evidence at the official reception at Stafford House by the Countess of Aberdeen in the evening. But her great opportunity came with the "real work," which began yesterday morning. There she was in the Westminster Town Hall listening to the first paper on the programme, that by Professor Barnes—a man, be it noted, not a woman—on "The Psychology of the Child." Then followed something about "Parental Responsibility." Her mankind has consistently declared that public work spoils the woman; and, to confound him utterly in argument the next time they cross spears, she



FRAU CORA VON BULTZINGSLÖWEN.

Living at Schlachtensee, near Berlin, she is interested in prison reform. She will be heard at one of the meetings on rescue work.



MISS MARY BHOR.

She is now studying at Somerville Hall, Oxford, and was for ten years a teacher in the native High School of Poona. She will read a paper to-morrow on Educational Experiments in India.

THE WISE WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

THEY ARE DELEGATES TO THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS NOW BEING HELD IN LONDON.



FRØKEN SOPHIE CHRISTENSEN.

She will read a paper next Tuesday morning (July 4) on Cabinet-making, this being her trade in Denmark.



MADAME ADELE DU PORTUGALL,

As Inspector and Mistress of Infant Schools in Italy, knows much about "The Child."



MADAME H. K. STEFANOVSKAIA.

One of the leading medical practitioners in Russia, she drew upon her personal experience when she spoke yesterday.



FRU RAGNA NIELSEN.

She has founded a school in Christiania for the co-education of children, and will speak in favour of this system next Saturday morning.



FRU DAGMAR HJORT, B.A.,

A Dane. She will speak to-morrow on Universities, and on Saturday on the desirability of boys and girls being educated together.



MADAME LA COMTESSE DE MARSY.

She is well known in Paris and France as the founder of high-class Social Clubs for Women, and it is on this subject that she will speak to-morrow.



MRS. DR. ALETTA JACOBS.

The first woman to take the M.D. degree of Groningen, she practises as a physician in Amsterdam, and yesterday afternoon discussed the training and qualifications of Women Doctors.



MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

She is Vice-President, one of the founders of the International Congress movement, and the principal of a large classical school in the United States. She presides over a meeting of Nurses on Friday.



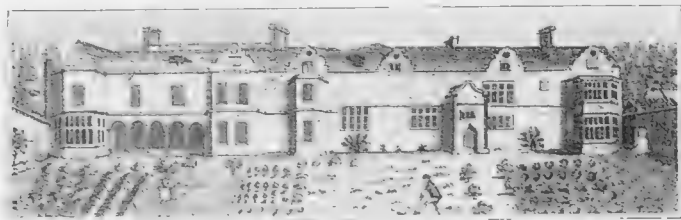
FRØKEN LYDIA WAHLSTRÖM,

A Swede. She gained her degree in Philosophy last year for a published historical treatise on "The Relations of Sweden with Denmark." She has written a Life of General Gordon.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF QUEX

(NOT OF THE GLOBE THEATRE), THEIR PLACE OF ABODE, AND THE CHAPEL IN WHICH
THEY ARE BURIED.

While "The Gay Lord Quex" has during the bright summer weather been drawing crowds to the theatre in Newcastle Street, I have been staying in that quiet corner of Kent where once the ancient family of Quex (from whom perchance that very up-to-date nobleman at the Globe may in Mr. Pinero's fertile imagination be descended) were lords of



THE HOME OF THE QUEX FAMILY IN THANET.

broad acres and a stately home. Of the Quex family to-day but little remains in the Isle of Thanet save the demesne of which they were masters, a few of the rooms of the old early Tudor house, with its long façade, gabled and cloistered, a stone and brass or two in the Quex Chapel in Birchington Church, and the mouldering bones of many a Quex who doubtless, though now unrecorded, sleeps the long sleep beneath it. The house in which the Quex's once reigned is described by one old-world chronicler as a large, commodious building composed partly of timber, partly of brick, and in its ancient form it was a place of importance till, at any rate, the close of the last century. The earliest Quex of whom I could find a record was one John Quyek, as he is described in certain old documents, who in 1415 was a man of mark in Ringslo Hundred. The family name is, of course, spelt in half-a-dozen different ways, and one notes a Joan Queyk and a Richard Quek, as well as the John Quyek referred to, within a space of but a few short years. The brass in the Quex Chapel is in memory of Johan Quex, who died in October 1449; it is a full-length figure, in good condition, and is probably that of the John Quyek of 1415. What, one may wonder, were the Arms of this honourable family? They are not found in the Quex Chapel; but, as the Crispes, one of whom married the sole survivor and heiress of the "Quekes" in 1485, quartered in the place of honour on their shield a chequy fess on an ermine field, we may with probability conclude that these were the Quex Arms, and this theory is certainly supported by the fact that "Quek" is an old Kentish name for the game of chequers, which was played upon a black-and-white board, and punning was, we know, a somewhat favourite pastime with the Heralds.

The old Quex house, its charming park, its broad fields, and its ancient rights and honours passed, as I have said, by marriage, to a Crispe of Oxfordshire. This John Crispe had a descendant, son or grandson, Sir Henry, who won much honour and distinction in Thanet, being, indeed, styled its king. He "went to his own place" in 1575, and lies in effigy with his spouse (his second wife, I think) carved in stone on a Tudor tomb in the old Quex Chapel. A Crispe with a strain of the old Quex blood in him was a curious figure in the next century. About him there is a well-authenticated story, which reminds one of d'Artagnan and General Monk in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne."



BIRCHINGTON CHURCH, WHERE THE QUEX FAMILY WORSHIPPED.

Photo by Poulton.

He was kidnapped by a certain Captain Golding, of Ramsgate, and carried to Holland, where Charles II. was then in exile. Here he remained for three years, awaiting the payment of a ransom of £3000. For all this weary time Cromwell refused to permit his family to make the payment, believing that the money was demanded for the benefit of

the royal exile. At length, however, assent was unwillingly given, a portion of the Crispe estate was sold, the ransom was paid, and the victim returned, having learned, it is said, two foreign words, and two only—"Bon jour," and "Bonjour Crispe" he was called to the end of his days. A former Crispe, by the way, Richard, of Cleave, near Minster, was captain of the Kent Light Horse at the time of the Armada scare. He married a Paramore (a very ancient Thanet family this), and it may be of interest here to cite a certain punning epitaph in Eastry Churchyard on a member of that house. It should be remembered that Shakspeare uses the word "paramour" as a mistress, and its application to both sexes seems to be comparatively modern. At any rate, the epitaph runs to this effect—

You see here what you've never seen before—
A young man, yet a Paramour.

The Manor of Quex, as I have said, still remains; but the Quex's are gone; so are the Crispes, who succeeded them. The Wyats have held Quex since then, and so have some of the old Cornish Bullers, and once the place was possessed by the Kentish Furnesses. The house, as it now exists, has but little of interest or picturesqueness from the outside, but within are one or two of the old rooms (that which was often occupied by the third William may be mentioned in particular), a fine collection



THE INTERIOR OF BIRCHINGTON CHURCH.

Photo by Poulton.

of arms, a statue of Democritus which once adorned Lord Holland's great house at Kingsgate, and many other more or less interesting relics of the old family of Quex and its various successors.

W. C. F.

A FOOL.

Written by Huntley Wright, the Delightful Chinaman in "The Geisha."

Once upon a time there lived a fool who was unhappy because he expected too much. There was no hope for him. He'd been like that from birth. When a boy, he had a chum; they were inseparables at school for years. One day, they got into a mutual scrape, and the chum "peached" on the fool: "I couldn't help it—I got an awful licking, and I should have got a worse if I hadn't said it was you. And you did do it a bit, you know—and—hang it all! you expect too much." The fool grew up, and he loved a girl, and she loved him, till the rich man came, and then: "Well, how could I help it? Mother was always nagging at me, and Dad looking cross, and—I knew you'd get over it, and we couldn't have got married for a long, long time. You know, you expect too much." He was an awful fool, and loved again, and married her. He built his cosy home-nest, and twined it round with many happy hopes; but his wife loved "life and gaiety and change," and so the fool lived alone in his office, and slept in his home: "You know, dear, you can't expect me to stop in *always*, and just when you come home I have to go out. You know, I must go to Mrs. Jolly Girls; and after that it isn't worth while coming home for an hour or so, so I'll go on with them to the theatre. I can't help it if you can't come out with me; you expect too much." Then the fool hugged a secret joy—he expected a child, and the child came. The fool loved his baby-girl, and poured on her all the other loves that had been turned back; and the girl grew, and loved the fool, and the fool was happy; till one day the girl said, "Daddy, dear, he is so fond of me, and I love him very dearly; and he says you won't be losing a daughter, but be gaining a son. Of course, I shall be sorry to leave you, dear, but—I do love him so!—and—all girls leave home some time or other, don't they? And he wants me so—and, you know, dear, you mustn't expect too much." So again the fool lived in his office and slept in his home, and when they told him of the happiness to come in Heaven, he muttered, "No, that'll turn out wrong, too, I know! I expect too much."



MISS FORTESCUE AS THE DUCHESS OF STROOD IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX,"

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE LYRIC STAGE ACADEMY.



"GO!" (AS ADDRESSED TO THE VILLAIN).

Nearly all young men and all girls believe in their hearts that they could do well on the stage; and an increasing number of them does well or ill on the stage. Every week a fresh theatre comes into existence somewhere, and the stage must be filled. The appetite for stage distinction grows with the opportunities for stage display. Especially is there an affluence of musical pieces, light opera, burlesque, and especially "musical comedy." But how are aspirants to become qualified for their business? How are they to learn to manage their voices, their accent, their hands and feet, so as to render the words and music of their parts?

Some never learn at all, except by practice on the stage. They can sing one ballad well, it may be, and are selected by the musical director for chorus or a small part, and they have to be taught the elements of ensemble singing, pantomime, and dancing on the stage by the unhappy men engaged in the production. No wonder that the language of stage-managers was, till lately, "painful and free." No wonder that the conductor dreaded the selection of a tolerable chorus out of hundreds of casual and, for the most part, incompetent persons shot like rubbish into his theatre.



"GO!" ("THE QUEEN COMMANDS").

Others, it may be, have obtained training at some of the great musical schools. But this, again, is rather incidental than a real part of the course. Music, and classical music, is the tradition of the schools and colleges; stage work, and especially light-stage work, is an unimportant by-product.

It was with a view of training students for the musical stage—and especially, though not exclusively, for the light musical stage—that the Lyric Stage Academy was founded two years ago by the well-known composer, Dr. Osmond Carr, and a few friends. Dr. Carr has been called away by other duties; but his former collaborator, Mr. Adrian Ross, has taken over the direction of the Academy, and Mr. W. Augustus Barratt, the composer of the "Tree Dumas-Skateers," has the oversight of studies as Registrar.

The teachers are numerous and able. Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson trains the young idea in deportment and pantomime; Mr. Ernest D'Auban displays his hereditary talent in making the pupils dance; Mr. Reginald Groome, Mr. Joseph Ripley, well-known singers themselves, with Mr. Arthur Burton



"GO!" ("IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT").

and Mr. Barratt, attend to the solo-singing; while Mr. Sinclair Mantell, of the Gaiety, has charge of chorus and ensemble. Mr. R. J. Cooke instructs in elocution, and Captain Chiosso and the former champion, Mr. J. S. Waite, give lessons in the graceful and gallant art of fencing.

No pupil can pass through the Academy curriculum without knowing something of singing, dancing, deportment, and elocution; and anyone who has been trained in these subjects is no longer the mere raw material too often turned over to an unfortunate stage-manager for him to make into a coherent company. If Academy pupils are in the chorus, they can probably read the music at sight; they know how to express sympathetic emotion, they are familiar with dance-steps and movements, and they have already learnt how to enter into the spirit of a light musical work. As the pupils increase, it will be possible for a manager to send down a requisition for a chorus and small parts, and have trained students supplied—yes, and trained to know their music by heart before they go on the stage at all. Fine voices, too, are being discovered and trained for Grand Opera.



"GO!" ("PLEASE, GO").

The students of the Lyric Stage Academy already can, and do, supply a brilliant evening's entertainment; they hope to give every year—beginning next term—a performance of some old or new musical piece. In next November or December it is hoped that we may see at a West-End matinée a new and original opera with lyrics and music by two of the staff, and several new curtain-raisers and small musical pieces are in hand for "At Homes" and entertainments. The photographs, though including only some of the pupils, give a fair idea of the daily business of the Lyric Stage Academy. Madame Cavallazzi assists an impromptu Queen to hold an impromptu reception with due dignity. Mr. Ernest D'Auban by example and precept shows two ladies how to step it, others of his class looking on. Two ladies wield the foils under the expert direction of Captain Chiosso; and a few of Madame Cavallazzi's pupils follow her directions in showing five ways of saying the word "Go!" with due expression.

Aspirants to "the profession" have found 46, Chandos Street, lead to the stage-door; some on the stage have come still to gain that education which the stage itself, in these days of long runs, can no longer supply.



"GO!" ("THERE IS DANGER").

FIVE WAYS OF SAYING "GO!"

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

HOW A GIRL MAY LEARN DIGNITY.



"NO."



"YES."



"STOP!"



CAPTAIN CHIOSSO'S PUPILS.



"LIKE THIS, LADIES": MR. ERNEST D'AUBAN'S DANCING CLASS.



THE QUEEN RECEIVES: MADAME CAVALLAZZI'S DEPORTMENT CLASS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

THE ROMANCE OF RUPERT THE RECKLESS.

With the exception of the Young Chevalier, Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, is the most popular Prince in our history. He lived and died and is remembered in a glamour of romance, which the investigations of the critical historian do not dispel. One of his contemporaries once described Rupert as appearing at a battle clad in scarlet, silver-faced,



MISS EVA SCOTT LOVES
PRINCE RUPERT.

Photo by Salmon, Bedford.

and mounted on "a gallant black Barbary." The picture is symbolic of his whole career, for he gallops through history like a gorgeous Paladin of Romance. It is exactly in these colours that his latest biographer, Miss Eva Scott, late Scholar of Somerville College, Oxford, has pictured him (for Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.). Miss Scott, in short, has fallen in love with Rupert, even though she approaches him from a thousand-and-one critical standpoints. The result is a book that reads like a romance.

Curiously enough, a romance about the Prince has also appeared at this moment, and here, again, a woman has been fascinated, for it is Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney who has written (for the Macmillans) a historical story, entitled "Rupert, by the Grace of God—," which is dedicated to Emilia Terzi, "in memory of wanderings together on ancient battle-fields and an old allegiance to heroes of unavailing

valour." The last phrase is notable. Miss McChesney has invented a plot by which some of his supporters tried to put Rupert on the throne. It is purely apocryphal, but it demonstrates again the extraordinary fascination of Rupert.

Rupert belongs to the female branch of the Stuarts, to which our Queen owes her place on our throne, thus—

James I. of England.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia,
the mother of Rupert,
and ancestor of Queen Victoria
(and the Princes of Orleans).

Charles I.
Male line extinct in 1807.
Ancestor of "Queen Mary IV."
(the Legitimist Queen of England).

Misfortune began for Rupert at birth, and continued throughout his life (1619-1682), for he was doomed to be always leading the forlorn hope. Before he was a year old his father was deposed from the throne of Bohemia and driven into exile. He died at the age of six-and-thirty, leaving Elizabeth with five boys and four girls (out of the thirteen children she had borne him), practically paupers, living on the ducats and devotion of some English courtiers like Lord Craven. Elizabeth was essentially a Stuart, though her Protestantism (obstinate rather than staunch) inspired her with that sense of duty which is the greatest characteristic of the Queen and our royal family. Yet that same Protestantism made her boys out-Stuart the Stuarts, for the rigid Calvinism in which they were reared made them only the more restive, and their sense of exile maddened them to the recklessness with which Rupert threw himself into the Stuart cause.

Rupert began his crack-brained career as a boy of thirteen, when he joined in the campaign of the Prince of Orange against the Spaniards which resulted in the capture of Rhyneberg. When he was seventeen he was wild to colonise Madagascar; when he was eighteen he had captivated the hearts of the ladies of the English Court—for he was a very handsome boy, as Vandyck's portrait proves; in his nineteenth year he declined to marry the rich daughter of the Huguenot Duc de Rohan; and before he was twenty he was fretting in a keep on the Danube—where he remained a prisoner for two years—comforted by his jailer Graff Kuffstein's daughter, and by his white poodle Boye, who died a soldier's death by his side at Marston Moor in 1644. He landed in England after a world of trouble in the end of 1642, and for the next forty years he devoted himself to his one religion—the Stuarts—with various interludes on behalf of other monarchs in distress.

His conduct in the Civil War is familiar history, while some unfamiliar (and fictitious) sides of it are set forth in Miss McChesney's story. He had dash and daring and devotion; but his three years' service for his uncle Charles ended in nothing, for, though Miss Scott has convinced herself that "the King's affairs would have prospered better had [Lord] Digby [his rival's] influence been less [with Charles] and Rupert's more," he spoiled everything by his mad gusts of ungovernable temper, which, on one occasion, led him to open mutiny.

He and his brother Maurice left England in disgrace (despite all their gallantry) in 1646, and entered the French Army, where his campaign against the Spaniards was rendered ineffective by the same jealousies among the Generals that had driven him from England. Indeed, owing to the treachery of one of his French colleagues, he was nearly killed. And yet his devotion to the Stuart cause was unshaken, for he eagerly supported his cousin Charles, and put himself in command of the revolted English fleet in 1648. That was perhaps the strangest part of his

strange career. He took to the sea like a stormy petrel. The rebel fleet was difficult to manage, but Rupert was equal to the occasion—

No toil proved too arduous for him: no undertaking too dangerous. Indeed, the labours involved in his task were so great and so many that it seems scarcely credible that they could be performed by one man. He became a merchant, and personally conducted the sale of his prizes. He attended to his own commissariat, and was his own recruiting officer.

But the fleet proved intractable, and for the next five years (until 1653)—during which his uncle was beheaded, and his beloved brother, Maurice, wrecked beneath his very eyes—he was nothing more nor less than a pirate on the high seas; an extraordinary achievement considering that he had had no previous experience of seamanship and that his vessels were only worm-eaten tubs. But even here the fates were against him, for the pick of his prizes was lost; he quarrelled with his cousin, Charles II., in consequence; and he vanished into Germany, where he was practically lost for six years, so that very little is known of his achievements, save that he pursued the artistic and scientific pursuits which he loved, such as making mezzotints—an art he introduced into England—and inventing the strange little glass bulbs known as "Rupert's Drops."

Rupert returned to England at the Restoration, and finally settled down among us in 1662, for his family ties abroad had broken up. His mother died (in Leicester Square) in that year, and his favourite brothers, Maurice and Philip, were gone. He fought in the two Dutch Wars (1665-73), when De Ruyter and Tromp were names to conjure with. Then he settled down as Constable at Windsor, a worn-out, lonely man, suffering from his old wounds, and rather soured in his outlook on life. He set up a forge and a laboratory, amused himself by various improvements in firearms and ammunition, invented "Prince's metal" (copper and zinc), joined the Royal Society, interested himself in the coinage, dabbled in African trade, and became the first President of the Hudson Bay Company. But the old Rupert—"Rupert le Diable," as his sister Sophia called him—was burned-out, and he died at Windsor on Nov. 27, 1682, at the age of seventy-three, being buried in Westminster Abbey in full state. He left two natural children, a son and a daughter, behind him. His son, like himself, never married, and fell in battle three years later, so that the male line of Rupert became extinct; while his nephew, George (Sophia's son), became our King in 1714—a turn in the tide which Rupert, the devotee of the Stuarts, would most surely have lamented. It is a strange story, this romance of Rupert, brilliantly told by Miss Scott; it is a melancholy story, for he was a man of brilliant parts who just missed achieving the highest point of everything he tried. He was too brilliant, in fact, all round—as soldier, sailor,



PRINCE RUPERT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE.

From an Engraving by Bernard in the British Museum, reproduced in Miss Scott's brilliant book.

statesman, and scientist. And yet this restless spirit from the Rhine might have become our King, instead of which the bucolic Guelph, his nephew, received the crown.

J. M. B.



MISS CISSIE VAUGHAN IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

BOYS WHO WILL BE MILLIONAIRES.

Without reckoning the smart Board School boy who nowadays carries in his satchel the bâton of Midas, so to speak, the number of boy millionaires in England is limited to about a dozen.

The most youthful millionaire-in-prospect is a youngster who has lately reached the ripe age of six years. He has four baptismal names and a pet name, but his official title is the Marquis of Titchfield. He is the eldest son of the Duke of Portland, and, if he lives long enough and successfully defends his title against Mrs. Druce's nominee, he will one day own property worth certainly not less than £4,000,000. The value of a property like the Duke of Portland's it is obviously impossible to estimate to a penny; but, inasmuch as it embraces a large slice of that Klondyke region of London which lies between Oxford Street and the Marylebone Road, sundry acres in Nottingham, Ayrshire, and Northumberland, Welbeck Abbey—upon which the late Duke spent £2,000,000—and the most valuable stud of racehorses in England, the young Marquis of Titchfield is certainly entitled to a high place in a list of the millionaires of the next generation.

None of our rising millionaires are quite so youthful as the Marquis of Titchfield. In fact, he is the only millionaire who can truthfully be described as a baby, though many of the others are of very tender years. The nearest in point of age to the Duke of Portland's heir is the Duke of Sutherland's eldest boy, the ten-year-old Marquis of Stafford. As regards mere acreage, his inheritance is infinitely more extensive than that of the Marquis of Titchfield; but, unluckily for him, those acres are not in London. They lie for the most part in Sutherland, Shropshire, and the agricultural districts of Staffordshire.

One of the most interesting figures in the roll of boy millionaires is the daughter (the writer's ancestors were Irish) of the late Baron Hirsch. For her years this young lady is certainly the most remarkable capitalist in the world. Under her father's will she inherited nearly £7,000,000, and, as at present she is only twelve years of age, it may be conjectured, without any undue prying into her investments, that her capital will have materially increased by the time she is old enough to appreciate the true inwardness of millionairehood.

A few months ago the Duke of Westminster indignantly denied in the columns of a Lancashire daily paper the truth of a paragraph to the effect that his income was £800,000 a-year, and that at Eton he was known as "Jack Sheppard," owing to his closely cropped hair. The etymology of his Grace's nickname doesn't come within the scope of this article, which is concerned rather with the prospective wealth of his grandson, and on this point the Duke threw a little light in his letter. He jibbed at being assessed at £800,000 a-year, but he gave it to be understood that, if anyone put his income down at £400,000, he would be well within the truth. To the man in the street his Grace's disclaimer seems a distinction without a difference. For the purpose of purchasing the good things of ordinary existence, £400,000 is as effective as £800,000, and either income is sufficient to make the Duke's heir one of the wealthiest men in the world. This lucky personage is only twenty years of age. Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, commonly known as Viscount Belgrave, was a boy at Eton till the other day. He is the eldest son of the Duke's eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, who died seven or eight years ago.

There is a popular impression that the only roads to fortune in Ireland lie through whisky and stout. This is quite a mistake. Ireland has a boy millionaire whose millions were made in flax. Ninety years ago the Mulhollands were to Belfast what Mr. Chamberlain is to Birmingham to-day. Belfast was the Mulhollands, and the Mulhollands were Belfast. For generations they were the chief representatives of the linen trade in the North of Ireland. Nowadays their active connection with linen has ceased, and the head of the family is partially disguised under the title of Baron Dunleath. The heir to the title and to the good things resulting from linen is Master Andrew Mulholland.

Everyone has heard of the Crossleys of Halifax. They had been established as carpet-manufacturers in Halifax for some time when the great boom in steam began. The transition from the hand-loom to the steam-loom had just been completed when the grandfather of the present Sir Savile Crossley came into the business. At that time it seemed absolutely impossible that steam-driven machinery could ever cope with the ponderous operation of carpet-weaving. But Thomas Crossley wasn't to be beaten by seeming impossibilities. For four years he devoted himself day and night to the problem of how to apply the newly discovered power to the manufacture of carpets. The solution of this problem, he foresaw, would rapidly change the Crossleys from mere carpet-makers into millionaires. But all his thinking seemed doomed to failure, when one afternoon a man walked into his office and asked his opinion on a device he had just patented for weaving carpets by steam. Thomas Crossley saw at a glance that here was the philosopher's stone. Then and there he bought the patent-rights from his visitor. Within twelve months the Crossleys' business was trebled; in ten years it had grown out of all recognition; within twenty years the family were millionaires. And the heir to some of these millions is now Sir Savile Crossley's ten-year-old son.

No article on "Boy Millionaires" would be complete without some reference to the infant Marquis of Blandford. This young gentleman is, as all the world knows, the son of the Duke of Marlborough. In the strictest sense, he may not be destined to be a millionaire, but, in addition to what he will succeed to on his father's death, he will inherit most of his mother's fortune, which was, at the time of her marriage, reported to be two millions of dollars.

M. R. R.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In "Liza of Lambeth" Mr. Maugham scored a considerable success. That was a faithful and not too brutal picture of East-End life and manners, a promising opening for any writer's career. In his new book, "Orientations" (Unwin), one surely sees earlier work. It is a collection of short stories, and the title shows them to be experiments. The title is explained in the quoted passage which he places by way of preface, "C'est surtout par les nouvelles d'un jeune écrivain qu'on peut se rendre compte du tour de son esprit. Il y cherche la voie qui lui est propre dans une série d'essais de genre et de style différents, qui sont comme des orientations, pour trouver son moi littéraire." After reading the stories, one must sincerely hope that he has "found his literary self" in none of them. They are all fathoms below the level of "Liza," very ordinary tales indeed, that require all the strength of the reputation Mr. Maugham has made to enable them to pass muster. But if they are earlier work, only his judgment in publishing them, not literary skill, need be criticised with any severity.

Mr. Firebuck has tried his hand at many kinds of fiction; among his books there are distinct successes, and some that interest none the less that they are imperfect. "Dorrie" and "Sweetheart Gwen" had a strong vein of originality in them; but whatever audacity they may have had pales before that of his new story, "The White Woman" (Harper), which has sensation enough to tickle the palate of the most *blasé* of novel-readers. It has a sublimity which only Miss Corelli could compete with. It has a manner which will flatter the ambitious and young that now they are being given "style." It may wreck Mr. Firebuck's reputation for many a day, but "The White Woman" is quite unforgettable, and surely there is no reader so callous as to rise up from its perusal without blessing him for straining his invention.

The story concerns one of those wonderful prima-donnas that only the romance-writer knows, who have souls as big as their voices—which in real life would, of course, work speedy ruin to the said voices. After convulsing a London audience with emotion by the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," she sails off to Australia, determined to convulse that continent likewise, and bestow the proceeds of her artistic tour on China missions. But her evangelical purpose is nipped in the bud. Her ship is wrecked, and after a series of adventures in which treachery, desperate attempts to get hold of her person, and even murder, have a part, she is landed in Africa among a horde of savages. These savages behave according to their kind, but the demeanour of all save the converted ones must seem a deal more familiar to English readers than that of the Britishers in the story, who each suffer from a different sort of hysteria. Finding herself surrounded by a crowd of the blacks, she proceeds to scare them tremendously by singing with all her art and all her voice "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." No wonder she was pursued as a most suspicious person, and nearly suffered death by crucifixion. Lovers spring up, of course, for her in the tropics—an emaciated, sublime-souled missionary and his convert, the young King. Mr. Firebuck is impartial, and in the end she married both, not simultaneously, for the conventions are attended to as far as possible, and her father, the London vicar, turns up with sudden aptness to perform the ceremony of the first wedding. The convulsion of English or Australasian audiences by her gift of song, and even the China mission, fade out of the sphere of her desires. To become the sister of all the blacks, she marries the King; but he was bronze rather than ebony; his features were refined and his eyes superb. And the shout of joy that greeted the marriage re-echoes in African hearts to this day, we learn. And we wish we could hear it. But, then, missionaries of Bruida's type are rare. The book has been written during a prolonged fit of hysterics. There is hardly a character, a sentence, a sentiment, conceived sanely. Every effort of the writer makes for sublime virtue, but makes for it by ridiculous means, and Mr. Firebuck, who has succeeded in causing his readers to gaze in wonderment, should now try to return to the mood and manner in which he merely interested them.

Mr. Vincent Brown has a speciality as a writer of fiction. He portrays sinners who sin out of weakness or from the distortion of gifts of nature as do few others. He holds no brief for them; only he deals with them very tenderly. At the back of his tales you feel the existence of a strong moral and religious belief, of a conviction that life is not successful unless law be observed and sacrifice be practised; but he never brings this belief down hard on the heads of his sinners. He shows their weakness and its end, yet with reverence and pity. His last achievement, in "Two in Captivity" (Lane), is the description of the career of a degenerate man and woman. They have sinned, but they will not own it. They call it by fine names, and think themselves above the blameless. But it dogs them, slackens their hands, lowers their vitality, makes them show shamed faces, makes them hide, search for sensations, coarsens their tastes and their habits. When they confess, at last, they have failed, they think of escape through death; but their nerves are too shaken to face death boldly, and it is only battered wrecks that death engulfs at last.

There are some realistic circumstances and touches; but in the main "Two in Captivity" is far from being a realistic story. It might be described, rather, as a symbolic representation of the degenerating soul, written by a man who is more poet than story-teller, and more moralist than either. The point of interest about it is the writer's attitude. He shows the end relentlessly, but has pity for the doomed souls all the time. Mr. Brown has written a book of rare value.

C. O.

“A GAIETY GIRL,” AT DALY’S THEATRE.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS KATHLEEN FRANCIS.



MISS TOPSY SINDEN.

THE MAN WHO HAS PLANTED "SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA" IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

"Savage South Africa," merely to state a bald fact, is the talk of London. It has drawn thousands of people, twice a day, to the huge Empress Theatre, Earl's Court, ever since May 8. It attracts not only the multitude, but the smart people from the West-End, who dine

either at the Welcome Club or the Quadrant Restaurant, or else hurry down from town in order to be present at the nine o'clock performance. Actors come to see it, and delight in it, despite the fact that its success has had a disastrous effect upon some of their own shows. At the commencement of the season, circumstances, no doubt, conspired to advertise it throughout the land, a result which Mr. Chamberlain did not anticipate. But to attract your audience is one thing, to hold it is another. This is precisely what "Savage South Africa" succeeds in doing. As in the case of the Naval Spectacle of last year, people come again and again to see it. This, after all, is the best advertisement, and the most conclusive proof of its value. Even women who dislike the noise of the Maxim-guns repeat their visits. Men, women, and children alike delight



MRS. FILLIS.

in the show, first of all, because of its great novelty, and, in the more important though second place, because it is so well organised. The savages in themselves are an enormous draw. They are new to us, they are picturesque, and they make model "supers," for all that they do is natural. Their realism is marvellous. But a collection of natives, no matter how numerous, would not long retain their hold on the public unless they were in a fitting frame, unless they were used to advantage. This is what happens at Earl's Court. There is a story to tell in "Savage South Africa," and they assist in telling it. This is the secret of the success. The scheme of this entertainment has been well thought out, and carried into effect with perfect success. There is not a dull moment in it, the interest being sustained from first to last. This result could not have been attained without a guiding hand, without a master-mind to conceive and carry it all out. The qualities for successful generalship are found in Mr. Frank E. Fillis, who, as the organiser of this truly great show, cannot be praised too highly. He holds the reins, in more senses than one, and he has fairly won his present proud position.

But for the fortunate fact that Mr. Fillis is an Englishman, we should never have seen "Savage South Africa" in London. July 13, 1857, was a lucky day for Londoners in one respect, at any rate, for it ushered into the world this clever showman, who, throughout his subsequent wanderings in other lands, has always had a warm spot in his heart for that of his birth. It was this patriotic feeling which gave rise to "Savage South Africa," a scheme which has occupied Mr. Fillis's energy for over two years, for it was at the end of 1896 that he began to bring it together. The work this entailed has been very great. In order to arrange for the production at Earl's Court, in order to secure the co-operation of the management thereof and the use of the finest building in the world for such a display, he came from Africa to England three times—six trips across the water of six thousand miles each. In gathering the motley crowd of Zulus, Swazis, Matabele, Hottentots, and Malays, he travelled an additional four thousand miles in Africa. Then, having arranged the details, he set to work, bringing into requisition all the resources of a well-equipped circus, the horses, lions, tigers, and elephants, and his other valuable "properties" forming the nucleus of a fine show of its own. Then the Boers, whose daring riding is so much admired, had to be engaged—no easy task to find the right, willing men—and their horses also had to be got into training. This was almost as difficult a matter as obtaining the services of the natives, for, in their case, the fanaticism of the "witch doctors" was not easily overcome. The Matabele gave the most trouble of all

to obtain, because they had never heard of the sea, and it was hard to make them understand what it was and why they were wanted to cross it. As showing some of the little pleasures of such an organisation as this, Mr. Fillis mentions that while he was in Bulawayo arranging for these same Matabele, some lions entered the town and carried off several natives.

Many of the splendid riders whose daring horsemanship is so good a feature of the show saw active service in the war of '93, and a most interesting reminiscence of the rebellion of '96 is seen in the veritable mule-drawn coach which was attacked by the natives, a relic which Mr. Fillis was fortunate in obtaining. The zebras and African game which disport themselves for the benefit of the spectators required much training after their capture on the African farms, where they run wild. One of the most trying tasks of all was the training of the mules to stand the firing, a piece of work which was done mainly in Africa, and occupied many weeks. The result, however, reflects every credit upon the trainer, Mr. Kerighy.

A whole chapter, indeed, could be easily occupied if one went into all the details of this marvellous show. But, after all, the great ability of the organiser of it calls for special notice and admiration in this place. Mr. Fillis was, so to speak, born and bred in the saddle—his uncle, Mr. James Fillis, is the Riding-Master-in-Chief at the Court of St. Petersburg, and his monumental book on the training of the horse is the most complete work of the kind ever published—and the name of Mr. Frank Fillis is honoured not only in South Africa, where he first went in 1887, but in India and Australia. It goes without saying that he is a most skilful rider, for he conclusively proves this by his graceful feats of horsemanship in the first part of the entertainment, which should not be missed, for, in its way, it is quite as excellent as is the more exciting latter portion. It is not often that an equestrian proves himself so good a general as Mr. Fillis has done, and, like all good generals, he is extremely modest about his accomplishments. In 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, he invented and arranged the celebration procession in Kimberley, by far the most elaborate and costly thing of the kind ever done in Africa. Ten years later he was made a member of the Committee which gave vent to the enthusiasm of the people of Johannesburg in connection with her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. It is worthy of noting at the present time that, on one occasion, a friend who was acquainted with Mr. Kruger and Mr. Fillis induced the President to visit the circus—his first and only appearance in a place of entertainment.

A word as to Mrs. Fillis. Spanish by birth, she talks English fluently, and, as all early comers to the performances in the Empress Theatre are aware, she is a beautiful exponent of the *haute école*. She



MR. FRANK FILLIS.

From Photographs by R. Johnson. King's Road, S.W.

is, indeed, a model of grace on horseback. She owes much of her success in this direction to her husband, although she was a fair horsewoman before meeting him, having won several prizes at various Continental shows, especially for leaping.



MADAME JANE HADING AS JOSEPHINE.

M. Emile Bergerat's play, "Plus que Reine," in which Josephine figures, was produced at the Porte St. Martin on April 4, and has proved a success. It introduces us in 1795 to Bonaparte, who has come to Paris almost in disgrace and thinks of emigrating to Turkey. He meets Josephine, the handsome widow of General Beauharnais, and falls in love with her. When in Martinique an old Mulatto sorceress had read her fortune in her hand—"Tu seras un jour Plus que Reine!" ("You will be some day More than Queen"). "More than Queen; that means Empress!" replies Bonaparte; "and the prophecy will prove true. You will be Empress, 'witness, you ever-burning light above, that is my star!'" This picture shows her the day she was actually crowned, May 1804. Photographed by M. Reutlinger, Paris.



MADAME JANE HADING AS JOSEPHINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.



MADAME JANE HADING AS JOSEPHINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF AN IRISH MARE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A very remarkable feat of horsemanship has just been accomplished by a young Frenchman of good family, M. Charlie Cottu. He rode the whole of the way from Vienna to Paris, 785 miles, in twelve days fourteen hours, using only one horse, and, what is still more noteworthy, brought his mount into Paris in thoroughly good condition. As everyone knows, sixty-two miles is a good deal more than the average horse can be expected to accomplish in a day, and to keep up this average for thirteen days at a stretch, with 188 lb. weight on the animal's back, implies not only great stamina in the steed, but altogether exceptional care and management on the part of the rider. M. Cottu's main object was to beat Lieutenant Zubowitz's record of fourteen days five hours over the same road, and he set about his preparations with the utmost thoroughness. He began to train his mount—a half-bred Irish mare, Irish Lass, seven years old, standing just under fifteen hands—on Easter Monday, beginning with a gentle ride of fifteen miles or so, and gradually increasing the daily distance up to forty miles. After a fortnight of this preliminary work, M. Cottu started for Vienna, covering the distance by easy stages. He had previously taken a course of lessons from a blacksmith, so that, in the event of Irish Lass casting a shoe at an inconvenient moment, he could put on another before any damage was done to the foot. The journey to Vienna occupied twenty-four days, the Austrian capital



M. COTTU RODE HIS MARE (IRISH LASS) 785 MILES IN 12 DAYS 14 HOURS.
Photo by Dillon, Paris.

being reached on May 11. Irish Lass and her owner kept in steady training until June 1, when they started on the long ride to Paris. By this time M. Cottu and his mare were "hard as nails," and accomplished the journey with only one hitch, the mare being temporarily upset by the change of food after crossing the German frontier on the third day.

In conversation with a Paris correspondent, M. Cottu explained that the great secret of success on long-distance rides is to avoid overheating your mount. "I never," he said, "kept Irish Lass at the trot for more than a mile and a-quarter. I always dismounted when we came to a hill and led her up it. Some days I walked at least twenty miles. When we came to our stopping-place, I let her stand a few minutes to cool, and then unsaddled her and gently rubbed her back with the bare hand, to restore the circulation in the parts weighed upon by the saddle. Then I groomed her carefully, took her into her stable, and gave her her food. As soon as she had taken it, she used to lie right down at once, but she was always ready for the road again. I gave her between twenty and twenty-four litres of oats and between fifteen and eighteen litres of milk every day, with a fair amount of water whenever she wanted it, provided the water was not too cold. I gave her from four to six hours' rest in the middle of the day, so as to escape the heat, and only about two hours at night. I always slept in the stable with her, and did not once take off my clothes from leaving Vienna to arriving at Paris. There was no time for baths or anything of that sort. As we never did more than six and a-half miles an hour, even over level country, we had to spend a good many hours a-day on the road."

Questioned with regard to his own *régime*, M. Cottu said he had taken dark in preference to white meat whenever he could. He smoked very little, and drank no alcohol except light wine freely diluted. *En route* he ate bread and sugar in preference to chocolate. During the last two days he was obliged to drink large quantities of coffee to keep himself awake, with the result that for some little time after his arrival in Paris he suffered from cerebral cloudiness and inability to collect his thoughts. Otherwise, his long ride had not the least effect on him. M. Cottu is only twenty years of age.

It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Rhodes did not take his honorary Oxford degree when it was given him. There could have been no dispute about it then, and the sternest Radical would have owned that the distinction was deserved. But many things have happened, and Mr. Rhodes, in his careless, Napoleonic way, has never troubled to be on hand till now. Napoleonic is perhaps hardly the word; Napoleon was rather particular about such matters, and at one time laid great emphasis on being a Member of the Institute. Perhaps Wemmick rather represents the frame of mind of the Colossus. "Hullo! I'm near Oxford. Let's go and take a D.C.L.!" And forthwith a number of the academic kind not unnaturally get up on their hind legs and protest.

It is an awkward situation all round. It is the usual practice, of course, and one dictated by courtesy, to defer the giving of a degree till the recipient finds it convenient. A man like Mr. Rhodes, with duties of enormous importance in distant lands, is not always on hand. To give him a degree on condition that he attended to receive it at once, would be to withhold it altogether. But, none the less, if the degree were proposed now for the first time, there would be much opposition. On the whole, it would seem as well to give distinctions to politicians as soon as possible, for one never knows what they may do next. It is ridiculous to take back an honour merely because the opinions of men have changed concerning the recipient before he can be invested with his title. But it is also hard on the University as a whole to make it seem to approve, by carrying out a belated vote, all that has been done by a not too scrupulous builder of Empire.

Still, silence would have been best. The signatories of the protest are hardly numerous or considerable enough to make their document serious. There is rather too much Mansfield Hall about the list. Mansfield Hall is the Oxford organ of the Nonconformist Conscience. It is an excellent institution, and supplies a long-felt want; but it is not, obviously, representative of Oxford traditions. If the protest could not have been made more impressive, it might have been best not to make it at all. The Athenian Conservatives, we are told, organised themselves against Pericles—a man of the Rhodes type, rather—and arranged to sit and vote and shout together, so as to be a more efficient and conspicuous Opposition. And, alas, they were so efficient and conspicuous that the public saw that they were few and undistinguished, and laughed at them. And nobody cared for that party any more in Athens till, later on, they took to murdering anyone who spoke against them. But that, as our should-be Laureate writes, "is another story."

If the collective conscience of Oxford revolted against paying Mr. Rhodes his amount of deferred D.C.L.—for that is what the degree comes to now—a more imposing list might have been compiled. Failing this, the proper and usual step would be to instruct Oxford in her duty by means of little sheets such as flutter about on voting days. They are called "flies" at Cambridge, and any important discussion and vote there is preceded by an Egyptian plague of these. It was hardly necessary to drag in the outside world by a letter to the newspapers.

The writers do not hope to rescind the grant of the degree: they merely record their impression that Mr. Rhodes is not a fit and proper person to take it now, since the Raid. But that is the trouble of the whole affair—nobody would have voted Mr. Rhodes an honorary degree just after that wretched affair; nor, perhaps, is there anything he has done since that would altogether wipe out the memory of his big blunder. But time has gone by since then, and the question is whether it is not better to write off his public services against his mistakes, and give the degree that was deserved years ago, because it was promised then.

It is to be feared that the humanitarian and Radical mind is too prone to think that wrong can be remedied by wrong. Because a man has done something that he should not, we are to take away his property, not to pay our debts to him; in fact, because he has broken the moral law, we are to place him outside Statute law. Even Judges are not exempt from this confusion between law and morality—witness the Wark case. The mark of a certain class of philanthropist is this desire to strain or violate the law, in order to avenge acts which are immoral, but not illegal.

Mr. Rhodes's position is clear and consistent. It might be in better taste for him not to press the matter, but he is plainly in the right. He says, "Some years ago I was granted a degree and asked to take it when convenient to me. It is now convenient for the first time, and I mean to take it." What is there to say? Obviously nothing, but—"Come and take your degree." And even in the matter of taste, in which Mr. Rhodes has sometimes been lacking, there is no serious fault. Since the unhappy Raid, Mr. Rhodes has done good service; and surely his own countrymen need not be sterner critics of him than the German Emperor. And President Kruger seems obstinately bent on showing that the Raid itself was almost justifiable in aim, however grievously inadequate in means. In these circumstances, a public protest in the newspapers is referable either to the desire for advertisement or to a certain weakness of character. It is not worth doing, *except* for advertisement.—MARMITON.

SOME SPLENDID INDIAN PRINCES.

Having lately presented in *The Sketch* a few portraits of Rajput Chiefs, I now introduce two of picturesque Rajput Thakurs, both of whom, I regret to say, have lately joined the majority. A Thákur (the first syllable of this word is pronounced as in the German *thaler*) is a landed proprietor whose status sometimes corresponds to that of an English baron, at others to that of a country squire. Thakurs, in Rajputana and Central India, are generally connected with ruling families; some are rich, and have forts and elephants, while even those who cannot maintain an elephant (which is always considered a badge of position in the East) hold their heads as high as their slender fortunes permit.

Rao Ranjit Singh of Bandanwara held an estate of twenty-one villages a few miles distant from Ajmere, and with it the respect and goodwill of all who knew him. A genial, worthy landlord, with nothing lean about his character or person, he belonged to the great house of Marwar by adoption, and was not more than fifty when the fates decreed that his son, Kunwar Gaj Singh, in whom he took great pride, should succeed him in 1894. A fine specimen of the old school, jovial, popular, and kind-hearted, Rao Ranjit Singh deserved the esteem of his neighbours and of the British Government, to which, like most of his class, he was loyally attached. His son, who was a pupil of the Mayo College, should unite the best characteristics of the old school with the superior education of the new. Thakur Sanwant Singh of Bagru, an estate near Jeypore, was one of the barons of that famous State till death removed him last year, at the age of fifty-five. He was also a member of the State Council, and used to pride himself, not without reason, on his ancestors and lineage. His personal claims

to distinction rested more on his appearance and amiable disposition than on marked ability or character. He was the head of the Chatarbhujiot sub-branch of the Kachwaha Rajputs, which is descended from Chaturbhuji, a son of Raja Prithi Raj I. (A.D. 1488-1528).

His Highness Maharaja Siwai Jey Singh of Ulwar—or Alwar, according to the modern spelling—whose portrait when he was a boy at the Mayo College, Ajmere, a few years ago, is here given, was born in 1882, and succeeded his father ten years later. Descended from the great ruling house of Jeypore, and through his mother from that of Ruttam, he is also connected by marriage with the Rahtor family of Kishengarh and the Jareja family of Jamnagar. Ulwar, in the north of Rajputana, a few hours by rail from Delhi, and still nearer to Jeypore, is a prosperous, well-managed State, noted for its schools and Lady Dufferin Hospital, and still more for two excellent regiments, one of cavalry and one of infantry, raised by the late Chief for Imperial service. An extensive breeding-stud of mares and imported stallions, well-planned stables, gardens, and orange groves, with an ancient palace of much beauty in the city, possessing a valuable armoury and some rare Eastern books, are also features of the place. English officers who are fond of sport speak with rapture of the tigers and other game to be met with in Ulwar, and of the shikar parties the late Maharaja used to organise most hospitably for the entertainment of his visitors. The present Chief has inherited his father's sporting instincts, is an excellent rider, and fond of polo and cricket. Having been educated with great care under the superintendence of an English guardian, it is to be hoped he will prove a good ruler when his minority comes to an end.



THIS BOY RULES 3,000,000 PEOPLE.



RAO RANJIT SINGH OF BANDANWARA.



SANWANT SINGH OF BAGRU.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE ROSES AND RAPTURES OF VICE.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

The barrel-organs began to play at ten o'clock in the morning in Bilton Street, W., and went on with very little intermission all the rest of the day. They played gay, popular airs, airs which she had heard sung with all conceivable art and *entrain* at the music-halls, where he took her sometimes, after dinner. But now, mangled and modified by the exigencies of the metal cylinder that ground them out so painstakingly, how stale, how dreary, how lugubrious they sounded! They seemed so out of keeping with the early-morning light of the business-day, and the harsh shouting of the coster at his barrow, and the milk-girl on her rounds.

What had the toys of leisure, the amusements of the idle hour, to do among the stir and effort of life and bread-winning that filled all the little street? That hard saying applied to the woman who watched and listened to them, and her place in life!

Bilton Street is a thoroughfare cut right across an out-and-out slum, hidden away in a good and central part of the town. It is within a few yards of the most important clubs and banks and picture galleries of London. He had, indeed, chosen to put her there because this squalid region lay so conveniently near to his favourite club and his law chambers. He was a busy and a sociable man. "I shall be able to see more of you, dear, here, than if you were in one of the suburbs. You will tolerate the hateful neighbourhood, won't you, for the sake of seeing me oftener?" As she would have tolerated anything and everything for an hour more of his company, and was, moreover, a country girl, and quite ignorant of London and its districts and their relative merits, she had accepted the little flat in Bilton Street without a murmur, and lived there quietly with one servant, a canary, and a piano.

She had lived there for a year. She had so little to occupy her time that she often longed to go and help the servant. But, then, the servant had very little to do either, for her mistress had no friends of her own, and saw no company except her lover and the one or two men he chose to bring to see her. She would even rather he had not brought them, for, although she was pretty and winning, she was very *gauche* as well, and she knew it. She had a music-master and a library subscription; but she made very little use of either of these advantages, and sat most days, as she was doing now, close up to the window that overlooked the little street, brooding, moping, and thinking very unprofitable thoughts.

By craning her neck a little sideways, she could catch a glimpse of the great palatial highway into which Bilton Street debouched. There the carriages rolled by, bearing the members of the great world—she could see the tops of their bonnets as she sat up there in her little backwater of a lane. He met them every day—they were his friends. Landaus did not often come up Bilton Street, it was so deplorably narrow and irregular; it was waiting for the County Council to take it in hand. Cabs used it, however, driving furiously through the valuable short-cut from one great thoroughfare to another—cabs filled with happy, busy people going hither and thither to their amusements and their work. The iron beat of the horses' hoofs on the wood-pavement, circumscribed and enclosed in the kind of funnel formed by the rows of tall, overarching houses, sounded hollow and cavernous, and at night seemed to thump and stamp right on her brain.

Sometimes a hansom would not go straight through, but she would hear it stop and her ears would begin to prick with the eagerness of her listening. There would be a pause, and then she would hear the tentative insertion of the key in the Chubb lock of the outer door of the flat, and a burly figure would break in and kiss her, and fill the room with noise and talk, and after that she would not notice the crashing hansoms awhile.

But this did not happen often—not nearly so often as she would have liked. He had other engagements, and many of them. She did not feel very well, she thought, to-day; and she sat at her usual position by the window, and looked out stupidly, wearily, with only a half-intelligence, that would not let her play or read, but could grasp the mild entertainment of life in the street below. Immediately opposite the window was the Marquis of Somebody-or-Other's extensive stables, and the stable-keeper's wife, with her newly born baby, stood at the little door-window on the first floor and rocked herself and it complacently backwards and forwards. The rich man's mistress opposite wished rather that she had had a child.

The newspaper-shop next door "received letters." All sorts of people went in and out, and if she had known about them it would have been amusing. But she was only a half-educated country-girl, and had not got enough imagination to construct these stories for herself. Outside, on the pavement, standing propped against the front of the shop, was a row of advertisement-boards, headed with the names of sundry important journals. The placards pasted on to these boards invariably advertised the wrong papers. When she was in a more cheerful mood, she would laugh to see the *Sunday Times* purport to tell "The Adventures of Weary Willy and Tired Tim," and the *Daily Chronicle* fill its grave columns with an account of "Ally Sloper's Partridge-Shoot at Deal." That reminded her of the pretty South Coast watering-place where he

had once taken her from Saturday to Monday. It also reminded her that he had been away all the autumn nearly, shooting in the Highlands, and how very seldom he had written to her during that time. But in his short letters he had never forgotten to assure her that he loved her—a little sentence, crammed in as an after-thought, at the end.

Over the news-shop a great many families lived. About twelve o'clock an old woman came slinking down the stairs of No. 10, the common lodging-house. It was the old woman who had been so drunk the night before, and whose tipsy screams, as they evicted her from the public-house next door, had aroused her timid neighbour from her first sleep and sent her flying to the window, shaking and white with terror. She had seen the old creature lie down in the muddy road and refuse to go home, and seen, too, a couple of stalwart young men—the poor old creature's own sons, they said—settle the matter by emptying bucketsful of cold water over their shameful mother, until she became inert and submissive and it was possible to drag her to bed.

The old wretch tottered out into the daylight now, bleary-eyed and sad and hungry; but last night, thought the girl at the window, she had, for a brief space, been as cheerful as she was now dejected, and had tossed her poignant and popular repartees over the bar in all the delightful exhilaration of the first glass of the wine that brings oblivion.

A great van of Kop's Ale thundered up and blocked the roadway under her window. She leaned out and listened to a violent altercation between a hansom-cabman and the driver of the van. He swore in broad Norfolk! She had not heard a word in the accent of her own part of the country since she had left Wymondham to go and live in London.

As she listened to the familiar speech, she felt as if she must sit down that very moment and write a long, loving letter home to her father. The impulse passed in a throe of bitterness. She knew that he would not so much as glance at an envelope that bore the superscription of the daughter who had disgraced him and herself.

And then she thought of her sister, too—the young one, who had come to London, and was earning her own livelihood honestly at one of the professions open to women. She had actually seen her once, walking carelessly up Bilton Street with a young man, all unconscious of the woman of her blood who was watching her with starting, staring eyeballs, longing to call out to her. That woman had refrained, of course. It would have been a pity to spoil the little one's chances with a young fellow who so obviously meant well by her!

He would certainly marry her sister—he was an ugly, raw-coloured youth, with long ears and crooked walk; but he would, if all went well, marry her sister, and make a home for her, show her to his friends, and be proud of her and her children; and she would be busy, at any rate, delightfully busy, and occupied always. She would live in quite a humble way, not nearly so luxuriously as her wicked sister—for the flat in Bilton Street, if repugnant from the outside, was all that was comfortable within; but—

She left the window and walked up to the sideboard, and stretched out her hand for the decanter that stood on it. She had vaguely in her mind the idea of the delicious somnolence and indifference to outward circumstances that one little wineglassful would give her. She would lie down on the sofa and sleep and dream—till he came.

For he was coming to dine with her—at least, he had said that he would if he could; she was not to expect him till she saw him. But there were some long hours till then to get through, and the glass of wine would have helped her to do it.

She put back the decanter, however, without even removing the stopper, and went slowly back to her seat in the window, and sat looking out, although it had grown too dusk for her to be able to distinguish anything that was going on outside or anyone coming up to the house.

The shadows grew under the archways, the gas-lamps flickered, the children gathered together in the doorsteps and began to tell each other stories; a kind of hush settled down upon the little street.

A tear filtered slowly through her eyelashes—she was too lazy, too inert, to trouble to wipe it away.

Then suddenly the key clicked in the lock, and he came in. She had not time to get into and arrange herself in a less desponding attitude.

"What! Sitting in the dark?" he said, coming up and kissing her.

His lips inevitably touched the track of the salt tear.

"Oh, look here!" he exclaimed roughly, "this is too bad. I have had a hard day—lots of things to bother me; and I come here and find you in tears! . . . I simply can't stand it—I'll leave you."

He took up his hat, and the next thing she heard was the clash of the house-door as he closed it behind him.

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE WIND.

I hear the little children of the wind

Crying solitary in lonely places:

I have not seen their faces,

But I have seen the leaves eddying behind,

The little tremulous leaves of the wind.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TOMMY: When I grow up, I'm going to marry Bobbie Smith.

KATIE: You can't do that, 'cause Bobbie Smith is a boy; and I've noticed that a gentleman always marries a lady, and two gentlemen never marry.

THE LIVE-MEAT SUPPLIES FROM ARGENTINA.

It is no secret that the Metropolitan Cattle Market at Holloway, which is exclusively reserved to stock reared in our own country, is seriously menaced by the competition of the Deptford Market, where animals imported

the worst storms of the last half-century towards the end of her voyage, and had lost between thirty and forty sheep and a dozen oxen, which was considered a high average.

Wet is the worst enemy these live cargoes have to contend with, but the mortality aboard ship is also due, in a measure, to the indocility



THE HOULDER LINER "URMSTON GRANGE."



THE INNOCENTS ABOARD.

alive from abroad readily meet with purchasers, at prices not greatly inferior, particularly in the case of oxen, to what is paid for the genuine home-bred and home-fed article. This simply means that the foreigner is cutting us out in prime joints, just as he is in grain, fruit, and dairy produce, to say nothing of dry goods. Within the next few years, unless we are very careful, the much-vaunted "roast beef of Old England" will be a thing of the past, or, at all events, a luxury confined to a privileged few.

The Continent of Europe was the first to send live stock here for the butcher, to complete the home supply, but it was generally of inferior quality, and brought us the cattle-disease. Nowadays myriads of prime sheep and oxen sail in the course of each year from North and South America, to be landed at Liverpool and Deptford in satisfactory health and condition.

To bring these animals alive by thousands from North America is a good achievement enough, even in this age of progress; but to transport them in summer as in winter, in fine and foul weather alike, from the banks of the Rio de la Plata to those of the Thames, and to put them ashore in such a state that they are presentable in the open market within a very few days of their arrival, is a feat worthy of attention. This is what Messrs. Houlder Brothers and Co., Limited, the great ship-owners, do by the aid of a splendid line of steamers specially built for the trade. They were the first firm to bring a freight of live cattle from Argentina. The vessels employed in this traffic go round the world. Sailing from England, they generally make for Sydney to take in wool, along with some thousands of sides of beef, which are hung in a cool chamber kept at a proper temperature by an ammoniac machine. On they steam from Australia to South America, and, touching at Buenos Ayres and La Plata, ship their cargo of live stock. The vessel I inspected on her arrival at Deptford landed 3022 oxen and 1200 sheep. She had weathered one of

of the animals, and it appears that the death-rate is not likely to be brought down until the rearers of stock in Argentina take a leaf from the book of the cattleman in North America. There the beasts intended for shipment are, first of all, polled—that is to say, they have their horns removed.

Then they are stall-fed for some time before the moment arrives to export them, with the result that they walk on board the vessel they are to sail by as tame as cats. In Argentina the oxen are not polled. They and the sheep are driven down from the ranches to the port of embarkation in a wild state, and are shipped in that condition. When the herdsmen and shepherds go to feed and water them, they begin knocking against one another in panic, and sometimes break their legs, or otherwise injure themselves to such an extent that it becomes necessary to toss the damaged animals into the sea. Most of the oxen have the tips of their horns removed, but this precaution is considered insufficient, and the opinion prevails that, for the purpose of easy transport, and to reduce loss of life to a minimum, the oxen should be polled, and both horned cattle and sheep stall-fed, as in North America, for a fairly long spell previous to shipment.

During the voyage the animals are kept on sweet hay in abundance, and supplied with an ample quantity of fresh water. They begin to improve in weight from the moment they are aboard ship, and are landed in such good condition that the sheep readily fetch 32s. apiece, and the oxen from £16 to £20, at the Deptford Market. The freight of the sheep varies between 12s. and 14s. a head, while as much as £5 is paid for the horned cattle. No great profit is made on either when all the expenses have been met, the persons engaged in the business relying on the large number of animals brought over to find an adequate return for their outlay and risk. Sheep and beasts alike come of good stock, which is annually improving. A few years



CATTLE-MAN AND FODDER.



CATTLE IN THEIR QUARTERS 'TWEEN DECKS.



SHOWING ARRANGEMENTS FOR CATTLE BELOW AND SHEEP ABOVE.

From Photographs by Pilkington.

ago, Messrs. Houlder Brothers were taking out prize bulls and rams to Argentina at fancy freights, and the animals that are now being imported from Buenos Ayres and La Plata are the result of the better breed, which is becoming so excellent that anyone knowing something about cattle may easily pick out a Down wether and a Hereford, Durham, or Devon ox, as the animals trot on to the landing-stage from the ship's side after their long journey.

exactly an hour and a-half to get rid of the 3022 oxen and 1200 sheep she carried. But the business is not always performed with similar alacrity. The time occupied in discharging the live freight all depends on the temper of the beasts, as someone remarked. Occasionally they are so unmanageable at the end of the voyage that it requires as much as three days to get them all ashore. Happily for the shipowners, this is a rare exception to the general order of things.



The steamer comes up the river mid-stream. As soon as ever she gets along shore the unloading commences. A little band of drovers in caps and corduroys climb aboard with the agility of apes, and, by the aid of blunt ash sticks and shrill cries in imitation of the yelping of dogs, attended by a good deal of vigorous pushing with their hands, hurry the stupid, startled sheep out of their pens, along the passages, down the sloping bridges to land. When this part of the live stock, which is carried on a solid wooden staging on a level with the quarter-deck, has been disposed of, the oxen stabled underneath are dealt with. On the afternoon when I witnessed the *Southern Cross* unload, she took

As soon as the animals reach land, they are driven to spacious, warm stables, close at hand, which have been erected on the most recent model. There they undergo the searching inspection of the Veterinary Surgeon of the County Council, and are made comfortable. Their lease of life is now approaching its term. They have ten days to shake off the stiffness in their limbs and recover from sea-sickness. Within that delay the importer must find a purchaser. Moreover, it is only as beef and mutton that the new arrivals will be allowed to leave the enclosure of the London County Council, on the river-bank, into which they have been driven direct from the ship.

E. V.



HOW THE COCKNEY TRIPPER USED TO SAIL TO MERRY MARGATE SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

These pictures, reproduced from the caricatures of Henry Alken (who died in 1831), offer a great contrast to the way in which the modern tripper journeys to Margate on such a splendid steamer as the "*Royal Sovereign*," which sails majestically to Margate and Ramsgate every day in the week except Friday.

SUGGESTED AT THE OPERA.



MEPHISTOPHELES AND MARGARET.

THE STORY OF THE QUAIN OLD JUDGE, LORD MONBODDO.

Long before Darwin's day the famous Scottish judge, Lord Monboddoo, had enunciated the theory of human tails in his "Origin and Progress of Language."



LORD MONBODDO.

From the Portrait at Monboddoo.

His speculation, naturally, brought him no small ridicule at the time; and a story is told how, on one occasion, going into Court, he was for yielding precedence to Lord Kames, his senior on the Bench. "Na, na," replied Kames; "gang ye first, Monboddoo. I wad see your tail!" Some, however, took the matter seriously, among whom was no less a *savant* than Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. A letter of Sir Joseph's is among the Burnett papers enclosing an extract from a book by a contemporary German traveller, which gives the title of the Emperor of China as "the greatest, most invincible, and tailed Emperor," and says that the first of his dynasty had a tail a foot

long and two inches in thickness. James Burnett was born at Monboddoo, from which he took his law title in 1714. The house in which he was born is about two miles from Fordoun Station, on the Caledonian Railway. Only one wing of the present mansion remains from that period, the main part having been rebuilt about thirty-five years ago; but that wing is of considerable antiquity, and belonged of old to the family of Strachan. From them it passed to the Wysharts, and then to the Irvines, from whom it was bought by the Burnetts of Lawgaven (connected with them by marriage) in 1670. The house still belongs to the Burnett family, but is at present let as a shooting-box. He was educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Gröningen, rose to distinction at the Edinburgh Bar, and was elevated to the Bench in 1767. He was a voluminous writer on many subjects—"Of the Atlantic Island," "Chimistry," "Of the Principles of Algebra," "Of the Ourang Outang, and whether he be of the Human Species," "Of the Origin of Evil," "Affidavit concerning the Kraken," "Of the Octave in Music," "Idiotisms in the New Testament." The last is startling, but it is not so bad as it looks, "idiotisms" being only an archaism for "idioms."

Dr. Johnson, when on his tour to the Hebrides, visited Monboddoo. His acquaintance with its owner is in several places alluded to by Boswell in his "Life," and one finds this entry in Johnson's own account of their journey: "Early in the afternoon Mr. Boswell observed that we were at no great distance from the house of Lord Monboddoo. The magnetism of his conversation easily drew us out of our way, and the entertainment which we received would have been a sufficient recompense for a much greater deviation." Boswell's account of the visit is more detailed, and too long to quote here in full. He speaks of Monboddoo as "a wretched place, wild and naked, with a poor old house, though . . . there are two turrets" [those shown in the photograph] "which mark an old baron's residence." His description of their reception by "Farmer Burnet," dressed in a rustic suit, with a little round hat, is amusing; and he says, in fine, "I saw both Dr. Johnson and him liking each other better every hour." Johnson, however, was supremely contemptuous of the Laird's affectation of the gentleman-farmer, as also of the tail theory.

He said afterwards, "It is a pity to see Lord Monboddoo publish such notions as he has done. . . . Other people have strange notions, but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddoo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel."

Lord Monboddoo was noted for dining late—a daring innovation in those days, and also for journeying about his legal business on horseback, not, as was the custom of the other Lords of Session, in a carriage. In personal appearance he did not show much of that beauty for which the Burnetts were remarkable. He lived to the good old age of eighty-five, and was buried in Edinburgh.

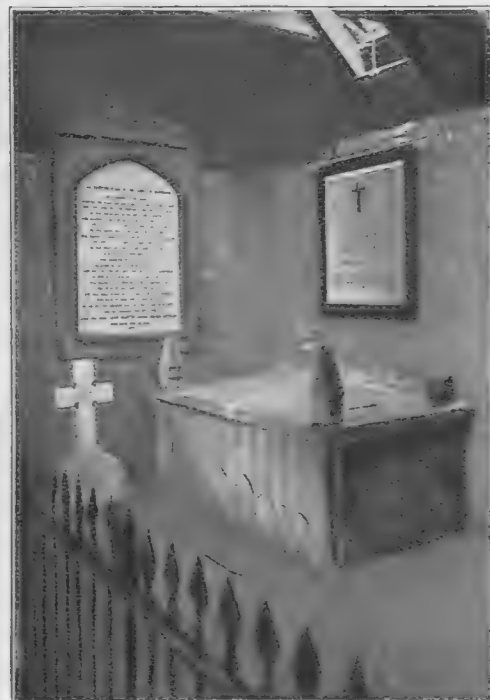
Among the Burnett papers there are many glimpses of his lordship. In one letter he advises a friend as to his son's education. Supposing the lad to have "a genius for letters," he recommends an English public school, followed (after his own experience) by, first, a Scotch, then a foreign University. Next, he says, "After he has learned to speak English at Westminster or Eaton, I would send him directly into France, and there let him be bred a French gentleman, which, if you cannot

make a scholar of him, I maintain is the best education you can give him. If his genius be too low even for this, then I positively advise to make a fox-hunter of him," which he recommends as affording "the only fashionable labour for a gentleman." "If he should not even have spirit enough for this kind of life," he goes on, "I can think of nothing else for the present but to apply him entirely to money-making, which I take to be the very lowest occupation of a rational creature: yet this vice, mean and laborious as it is," he allows to have the "one advantage, which is, that it constantly employs you."

The Monboddoo burial-place is in the ancient Chapel of St. Palladius, in Fordoun Churchyard, one of the most ancient ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland, its original foundation dating from the middle of the fifth century. In it the line of the Burnetts is inscribed on a mural tablet, below which is an altar-tomb in memory of Captain (or Colonel?) Robert Irvine, a soldier (says Mrs. Williamson-Burnett) "of powerful frame and large stature, as is evident by his suit of armour still (1791) preserved at Monboddoo." The tomb bears a Latin epitaph, in which the poet, eager to make up his elegiacs, falls into an odd blunder—

Conjuge et progenie felix, virtutis honeste
Cultor, et antiquis exoriundus avis,
Hoc cubat Irvinus monumento. Cætera nôrunt
Mesa et vitiferis Sequana clarus aquis.

Exoriundus, "about to be descended," is distinctly precious, is it not?
BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.



THE MONBODDO BURYING-PLACE.



MONBODDO, SHOWING THE OLD WING.



ANCIENT CHAPEL AT FORDOUN, WHERE THE LAIRDS OF MONBODDO LIE.

From Photographs by Barrington MacGregor.

QUEER PLACES TO GET BURIED IN.

The desire to be buried in some spot other than the usual churchyard, vault, or cemetery, which, we just learn, was expressed by the late eminent surgeon Mr. Lawson Tait, though uncommon, is by no means unexampled. Up and down these islands, in many an unexpected spot, amidst romantic scenery or the most commonplace surroundings, the bodies of various eccentrics are scattered, their owners having apparently been quite unconcerned that the last resting-place of this mortal coil should be unconsecrated. Thus, visitors to Worthing will doubtless recall the Miller's Tomb on Highdown, above Goring, where, beneath a plain, ordinary stone, the owner of a neighbouring windmill sleeps his last sleep. Why he desired this elevated and lonely position neither tradition nor inscription informs us; but, if 'twas with a view of fresh air or a sight of a glorious stretch of blue water with many a passing sail, his desires should doubtless (if the powers that are allow) be daily gratified. Somewhat curiously, in the little town of Worthing itself, close to the railway station, in a small plot surrounded by iron railings—a portion, I should imagine, of what was once a garden—some three or four members of a family lie buried, and well-preserved stones record their names and ages.

Another singular instance is that of Mr. William Liberty, a brickmaker of Chorley Wood, in Hertfordshire, who selected the side of a lonely footpath running across his estate, near the village of Faulden, for his last resting-place. Here he was interred in 1777, and was joined by his spouse, Alice, in 1809; and the spot was at one time undoubtedly somewhat unpopular with the rustics of the district after nightfall. But yet a stranger grave was that selected by one, Captain Backhouse, in a thick plantation near Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire. This gentleman, who is described as "stern and warlike," had passed many years in the service of "John Company." He purchased his estate in Bucks on his retirement, and, dying at the age of eighty, desired to be buried in his own wood, with his sword by him, and, thus placed and equipped, "he defied all the evil spirits in existence to injure him." He departed from this world in 1800, and his coffin, containing his corpse and his sword, was placed upright in a strange little pyramid which he had erected for the purpose. In his case, the remains were, however, subsequently removed by a relative to the churchyard. Sir William Temple, the distinguished statesman, who died at Moor Park, near Farnham, in 1700, had his heart buried under a sun-dial in the garden; while Sir James Tillie, who passed away at Pentilly Castle, Cornwall, twelve years later, was deposited, in accordance with his instructions, under a favourite summer-house—it has been said, seated in a chair with a table and bottles before him.

Baskerville, the famous printer, is stated to repose beneath a windmill; while a Stevenage farmer named Trigg was lapped in lead, and deposited in the tie-beam of his barn, where the coffin might have been seen some years ago, and may be so still for aught I know to the contrary. Many Londoners are familiar with Leith Hill, near Dorking, and its tower, beneath which one Hull, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, was buried at the end of last century. The instances of people being interred in their gardens, summer-houses, and shrubberies, their woods or fields, are too numerous to mention in detail; but I would record the strange sepulchre of one Faithful, a shepherd, who daily led his flock to pasture on a high summit of the Chiltern Hills; here his life was spent in a meditative toil, and here, by his own wish, he was laid to rest, above him being cut this epitaph—

Faithful lived and Faithful died;
Faithful lies buried on the hillside.
The hill so wide the fields surround,
On Judgment Day he will be found.

These words were "scoured" in the chalk, but are probably no longer in existence. Two more instances and I have done. John Wilkinson, a great ironfounder of Castlehead, was buried in his garden in an iron coffin, within an iron monument above him twenty tons in weight; while the Rev. Langton Freeman, of Bilton, in Warwickshire, perhaps the most eccentric of all these "vagarians," was in 1784 wrapped in a double

winding-sheet, and carried in the bed in which he died to his summer-house, where he was deposited. The doors and windows were locked and bolted, and the summer-house planted about with evergreens, and a fence erected. The building was kept in repair for many years, but eventually fell into decay. Some thirty years ago the reverend gentleman still remained there, a skinny, leathery figure; but, if he yet occupies the same odd position, or has been moved to a more comfortable resting-place, I have been unable to ascertain.

W. C. F.

GOLF AND GOLFERS.

The correct style in golf is difficult to define. One man plays brilliantly in a style which, if adopted by another, might lead to disaster. It is interesting, however, to note the "stand" and the swing of the successful golfer, and this we are enabled to do in the handsome new book, entitled "The Book of Golf and Golfers," written by Mr. Horace Hutchinson and other experts for the Longmans. It aims chiefly to set before the world a gallery of golfing pictures exhibiting eminent players engaged in those strokes which seem to be most characteristic. Over

this gallery Mr. Hutchinson leads us in an agreeable and instructive manner. General opinion credits Mr. Edward Blackwell with being the longest driver in the world. Standing above six feet in height, his physique shows the very perfection of strength. Not only is he well endowed, but his strength is something altogether out of the common, and it is strength of that special quality that is capable of being exerted in rapid movement. It is, doubtless, this union of activity and power, combined with the "ideal orthodoxy" of his style, that gives him—according to Mr. Hutchinson—his tremendous length of drive. But though there is an ideal orthodoxy, the author admits that a departure from it may be commendable in some players. J. H. Taylor, for example, plays all his strokes after the fashion that is only orthodox for approach strokes. Mr. Hutchinson praises Herd's compactness of style, and also Hugh Kirkaldy's slashing freedom. He writes admiringly of Willie Park's easy swing, and at the same time takes special delight in seeing the kind of divine fury with which Braid "laces into" the ball. Mr. Laidlay's style is described as the ideal of heterodoxy, the swing being entirely "off the left leg," and yet in golfing execution Mr. Laidlay stands on the highest level. Vardon won the Open Championship with clubs considerably shorter and lighter than those generally used. A stroke that he plays marvellously well is the long approach with a driving mashie; the ball, struck very clean, flies wonderfully far and straight, and keeps very low. We see Bernard Sayers's "running-up" stroke with the iron,

Fernie's knee-action and fine, free turn of the body, and Herd's "crouching address." Nerve counts for a great deal in a competition, and Andrew Kirkaldy has shown his bravery not only as a golf-match player, but also as a soldier, he having been one of the first, if not actually the first, in the zariba at Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Tait's foot-action in the swing is shown to be remarkably free, quick, and good, and the illustrations exhibit the careful way in which Mr. Hilton settles himself down to address the ball. Mr. John Ball's driving was, in Mr. Hutchinson's opinion, the prettiest sight that golf had to give a man. His own ideal of a golfer "at the top of the swing" is illustrated by a silver figure which he has modelled. With this it is interesting to contrast the extraordinary length of swing behind the back taken by Lady Margaret Scott (now Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell). Lady Margaret won the Ladies' Championship three years in succession, and never tried again. "We have nothing to match this invincibility," says Mr. Hutchinson, "in the records of our masculine championships." The great advantage she seemed to have was in her power of getting the ball well away with the second shot. If her game had a weak point, it was in the putting; but old Tom Morris, who shared that weakness, slyly remarked that every really good golfer putts badly. To this maxim, Mr. Hutchinson adds the rider that it is quite possible to putt badly without being a good golfer.



AN IDEAL SWING.

Reproduced from "The Book of Golf and Golfers"

THEATRE NOTES.

Familiar as a household word is the name of James Cassius Williamson throughout Australia, and it is invariably associated with successful theatrical productions of the highest class. When Mr. Williamson and his wife first made their appearance on the Australian stage, in 1875, few could have anticipated the future brilliant managerial career of the popular actor. It dates from his return to Australia in 1879, when the production of "Struck Oil," with himself and Mrs. Williamson (Maggie Moore) in the leading rôles, proved wonderfully popular. In 1882 Mr. Williamson joined Messrs. Arthur

tour in Australia. She has sung at the London Philharmonic, the Crystal Palace, the Liverpool Philharmonic, and all the best concerts in the kingdom; but most of her time is spent on the Continent. Few lyric artists have attained the eminence of Madame Alva at such an early age, for she is only twenty-five.

Miss Blanche Lawson—who teaches the gentle art of "grace culture," especially as regards deportment and walking—had her fairy-play, "Cinderella," recently given by her pupils in aid of the *Lady's Pictorial* Diamond Guild fund for endowing a cot in the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. The dancing in the ball-room scene was excellent.



MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON.
Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

Garner and Musgrove in forming the strongest managerial combination known in Australia. Mr. Garner subsequently retired, leaving the whole of the business in the hands of his old colleagues, whose colonial headquarters are at the Princess's Theatre, in Melbourne, and Her Majesty's Theatre, in Sydney, Mr. Williamson having charge of the Australian portion of the business and Mr. Musgrove representing the firm in London.

Madame Alva, who is one of the best of English dramatic sopranos, was born in Burnley, but received the whole of her musical education in Italy, her masters being Signor Carelli, of Naples, and Signor Moretti, of Milan. When only nineteen years old she made her début in the Royal Italian Opera, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris, as Santuzza, achieving an immediate success both as a singer and an actress. In 1897 she was chosen with Madame Melba, as the best representatives of dramatic lyric art, by the Committee of the Donizetti Centenary Festival at Bergamo, Italy, which was composed of the greatest contemporary composers. During her sojourn in Bergamo she was the guest of the Municipality, and, in recognition of her signal artistic services, was presented with a very beautiful and large gold medal by the Committee, specially coined for the occasion, also a splendid silver wreath of oak-leaves, which was presented to her by her Italian admirers. Last year she made a successful



MADAME ALVA.

be of limited duration, she being under an engagement to return to America at an early date. Mr. Oscar Gerard's inclusion in the company was due to ill-health occasioned by his being caught in the blizzard of November last, which made the trip to Australia a necessity.



MR. EDWARD TERRY AT HOME.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

America will have the chance of seeing Master Charles Sefton, who made such a hit in "The Heather Field," at Terry's, for he is going out there in "A Little Ray of Sunshine." To-day I give a picture of his sister, a very clever girl of sixteen, who is now playing in "A Trip to Chinatown" in the provinces.

The reception of "The Belle of New York," as interpreted by an American company, at the Princess's Theatre, Melbourne, was not too favourable on the opening night, but afterwards crowded houses became the rule, and at Sydney it achieved an instantaneous success, although Australians do not care much for the American musical comedy, preferring the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. In the Australian version, Miss Louise Hepner takes the part of Violet Grey, with which the name of Edna May has become so closely associated in London, and, despite a not over-strong voice, speedily established herself in popular favour. She is regarded as an artist of considerable promise. She has been about five years on the stage, her first appearance being in one of E. E. Rice's extravaganzas in New York, and her stay in Australia will



MISS BLANCHE LAWSON.
Photo by Reed, Harlesden.



MISS ISABEL SEFTON.
Photo by Jacques and Gay, Brighton.



MISS HEPNER AS THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.
Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

Miss Pattie Browne is back in town. One states the fact inevitably in a jingle, because Miss Pattie Browne is one of the jauntiest souls on the stage. Since the day that she made her first appearance in London as Lady Tommy in Mr. Pinero's play, "The Amazons," at the Court Theatre, until the day when she quitted that same theatre (and London) as the inimitable low-comédienne in "Trelawny of the Wells," Miss Pattie Browne has been a source of infinite delight to all playgoers. She has been touring in Australia (which is her native heath) in "The Little Minister," "Sweet Nancy," "The Dove-Cot," and "Jane," and she has returned to town with the pretty



MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS SWEET NANCY.

things that the Australians have said about her still ringing in her ears. I should like to have been present at the return of the native. As it is, I have had to content myself with reading what the showman will insist on calling the "Eulogiums of the Press" on her. A song called "Babbie," words by Joan Torrance and music by W. R. Furlong, was dedicated to her, and a testimonial matinée was given in her honour at Melbourne. I shall be eager to see her in a new rôle in London. She has come back looking in the pink of health.

The portrait of Miss Olive Marston which I published last week was attributed, by mistake, to Messrs. Downey. It was really taken by Mr. Arthur Leighton, Commercial Street, Leeds.

The manager whose trump-card for the real theatrical season fails to take the trick is in an awkward plight. Mr. Beerbohm Tree adopts a valiant policy. "Carnac Sahib" pleased neither gods, men, nor critics, which seems a fair equivalent for the French *ni homme, ni femme, ni Auvergnat*. Certainly it enjoyed warmer dispraise than it was entitled to, and had to die promptly. Then came "Captain Swift," partly, it may be, because of Mr. Haddon Chambers's success in "The Tyranny of Tears." Why "Captain Swift" has enjoyed so short an innings I do not know; anyhow, less than a month has seen the end of it, and now we are in full enjoyment of "The Musketeers," with the original cast, save that Miss Lettice Fairfax now takes and plays agreeably the part which somewhat overtaxed the powers of its first representative, and that Mr. Edmund Maurice gives a capital Porthos in place of Mr. Louis Calvert's excellent performance. The play, though one may not speak with enthusiasm of it as a work of dramatic art, certainly forms a capital entertainment, and enables Mr. Beerbohm Tree to present, as d'Artagnan, a very taking characteristic piece of the so-called romantic acting. The acting of Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Franklin McLeay, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and the others has been dealt with so often that there is no need to say more of them.

A PLAY BY A PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

Is "Carlyon Sahib" a morbid failure? I do not think so; but what is my voice against so many? Professor Gilbert Murray has been too busy with Greek and Glasgow to have learned that a tumour in a play is as dangerous as a bull in a china-shop. A "glioma"—the name suggests something agreeable—on the brain of Mr. Adene has caused columns of indignation concerning "morbidness," which have given many playgoers an entirely wrong idea about the powerful, interesting play presented by Mrs. Pat Campbell at the Kennington Theatre, a play which, despite some crudity, is one of the best of the season, and quite the most promising. The "glioma," which should cause speedy blindness, then paralysis and death, does not prevent Adene from going to Bhojal on a historical mission, likely to cause Carlyon Sahib—otherwise, the Right Hon. Sir David Carlyon, formerly political agent in Bhojal—to be shown up to the world as the wickedest of the great men who have to build up our Empire. Carlyon's daughter discovered the "glioma," and tried to stop Adene, but failed. Her father's hypnotic influence

over her almost caused her to connive at the murder of the young man, though she loved him; but the discovery, in a strange, beautiful, terrible scene, that Carlyon was a mean, selfish criminal as well as a grand criminal, enabled her to throw off his yoke and rush off to India with a doctor who might be able to save Adene's life by a dangerous operation. The doctor, aided by the most skilful of nurse-assistants, for Vera was a medical student, saved the life of the young man. Carlyon arrived on the scene; duped by his daughter, he thought he came merely to see the death of the man who had learnt the awful secret of his crimes, and he found that Adene was safe and on a swift path to recovery. Providence was kind to Carlyon; ruin and disgrace threatened him, but death forestalled them, death at the hands of a native whom he had injured.

The conclusion of the play has been called conventional, and blamed by those who denounced the rest as unconventional. As a matter of fact, it is not forced or unnatural. The quality of the piece lies in its strong,



MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS HER OWN PRETTY SELF.
From Photographs by Talma, Melbourne.

restrained dialogue, its suggestion of mystery without the use of the supernatural, and its sense of character. Carlyon himself is an ambitious study, not wholly successful, yet of no mean merit. It demanded an actor of greater range and power than Mr. Nutcombe Gould. Mrs. Pat Campbell was admirable as Vera Carlyon, charming when she presented her as a simple, intelligent girl, interesting in scenes that showed her subjection to her father's will-power, thrilling when she played the eerie scenes of discovery. She has made a great advance in her art. Mr. Bertie Thomas, the Adene, played in excellent style.



MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS BABBIE IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 28, 9.19; Thursday, 9.19; Friday, 9.19; Saturday, July 1, 9.19; Sunday, 9.19; Monday, 9.18; Tuesday, 9.18.

The other day I had a pleasant jaunt awheel into Surrey, down to Reigate, then on to Dorking, and home by way of Leatherhead and Epsom. My companion was Mr. Robert L. Jefferson, the man who rode



A PUNCTURE: WELCOME WATER.

from London to Moscow and back in forty-nine days, who penetrated the far wildernesses of Eastern Siberia on his bicycle, and recently, also on his bicycle, accomplished the journey that Colonel Fred Burnaby reaped fame in doing, namely, visited Khiva, one of the most difficult places in the world to reach. Jefferson is a typical Saxon, not tall, but of good medium height, light-skinned, light-haired, light-bearded, and with light-blue, wide-open, and fearless eyes.

I too had done a little ride in my time, and it was pleasant for us to lie on the turf, mossy and cool, on Reigate Hill, and, while gazing over the sylvan beauties of Surrey, talk of the places we had both seen and recall journeying over the eternal sandy dunes and billowy steppes in the empire of the Muscovite. And during the afternoon we dawdled our way through the leafy lanes, and agreed that, though other lands have their attractions, none really have the charm for the cyclist that old England itself has.

We took things easy, and on the top of a hill we sought the shade and sat and smoked. As we approached London, crowds of the "scorching" fraternity swooped past—crook-backed, perspiring, dirty-mouthed crowds—and, as some of them overtook us and swished by, they gave the pair of us that look of scorn that only a "scorcher" can give an ordinary cyclist. Knowing where we had both been, a quiet gleam of fun came into Jefferson's eye as he said to me, "I rather think these 'speed-boys' regard us as a couple of beginners who are poor hands at cycling." The "scorcher" has a mighty contempt for everyone else.

Nowadays, everybody cycles. The difficulty is to get into a part of the world where folks don't. I've not heard yet that the Esquimaux wheel, or that the Patagonians have cycling gymkhanas. But, no doubt,



A TYRE-SOME TYRE.

all that is within measurable distance. Among the native races in Africa cycling is fast becoming a positive rage. This is particularly so in South Africa. The Kaffirs are enthusiastic, and in King Williamstown and Grahamstown they have clubs of their own. In Natal there are three

native clubs. A little time ago, two blacks invested in bicycles, and started carcering about the streets of Johannesburg, till an industrious constable knocked them off their machines and took them into custody. There was no imprisonment inflicted on the darkies for daring to imitate their white neighbours, but they were told that cycling was for white people, not for blacks. So nothing further has been heard of the pair. In Zululand the bike is quite common. It is the usual vehicle among traders going round to the various stores seeking orders, and no missionary is complete without one.

The "scorching" cyclist is a nuisance, but he is not one tithe the nuisance the "scorching" motorist is. The way motor-cars now rush and rattle along the roads, with a noise that is hideous, is positively distressing. Fourteen miles an hour is their legal maximum of speed; but this is disregarded. It is not for cyclists, of course, to shout out against other folks enjoying themselves; but when out riding they have a right to be protected from the clattering, jolting monsters that swoop along the highways as though the road were made for motor-cars and nothing else. If the police would arrest a few "scorching" motorists, the effect would be salutary.

Cyclist church-parades are growing in favour. Parsons are rapidly realising that men who wheel on Sunday are not necessarily heathen, and that, indeed, many of them like going to church. So all over the country church-parades are being arranged. On July 16 the East Kent clubs will ride to Canterbury Cathedral, and Dean Farrar will preach a special sermon.

Probably the dearest toll-gate for cyclists is that at Swinford Bridge, Eynsham. All vehicles are charged one penny per wheel, bicycles costing twopence, while perambulators have to pay a tribute to the tax-collector



AN EXPENSIVE TOLL-GATE.

of fourpence each. You must pay that price both ways, so that, if you are a happy father, you will be mulcted of eightpence!

The Hove Bench of Magistrates do not appear to be very logical in their decisions. They fine a cyclist for furious riding, though the police admit the wheelman has his machine well under control; and they dismiss a summons against a man for furiously driving a horse and cart on the ground that "furious driving meant that a horse was being driven when not under proper control." Oh, wise judges!

Golfers in New York have put the cycle to a good use. They find it rather laborious in the hot weather to walk after the balls, so they have cycle-paths laid over the links, and, after their "drive," up they get on their wheels and off they spin in the same direction. They are very sybarites, are these New-Yorkers. A complete tramway-line is being constructed round the golf links at Oakland, Long Island. The cars are to have easy-chairs, and there will always be plenty of iced drinks. Things are to be taken comfortably, some!

From reading stray paragraphs in the newspapers, you might almost fancy that the mortality returns were made up in this wise: From disease, twenty-five per cent.; from bicycle accidents, seventy-five per cent. I don't know whether cycle mishaps are imaginative or real, but that certainly is the impression left on one's mind. Last year there were 309 fatal street-accidents in London. Of these the much-abused "bike" was responsible for nine—not a very large percentage, after all. J. F. F.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The July meetings at Newmarket are, in my opinion, the pleasantest of the fixtures held at headquarters. The chief event of the First July Meeting will be the Princess of Wales's Stakes. The event looks a good thing for Flying Fox, who is in great form just now. Ninus may get a place, as the horse ran very well at Ascot. If Birkenhead runs, he may get a place. In any case, I think the Beckhampton colt will run well for the St. Leger, as, unless my information is all at sea, Darling thinks he has a good colt in Birkenhead. We must not forget, however, that John Porter considers Flying Fox to be a smasher, but I am not so sure that the Duke of Westminster's colt will be suited by the Doncaster course. Anyway, I expect to see some lively betting on the St. Leger before the horses go to the post.

The Jockey Club are determined that the public shall receive more consideration at race-meetings than has hitherto been the case, and in future it will be possible to look over all the probable runners in the Paddock without difficulty, as the badge system is to be made compulsory. Just one little thought occurs to me in this direction. How is it that certain trainers often send horses to meetings and then do not start them? In all cases where horses are not started, an explanation should be posted outside the weighing-room door, and it should be signed by the trainer. It is very annoying to have to pay money to go to a meeting for the purpose of seeing your own fancy run, only to find that the horse has been sent home. When Irving is not going to appear at the Lyceum, the fact is billed, and the same should follow when a public fancy arrives at a race-meeting but it is not intended to send him to the post. The public pay the piper, and they should be studied in the minutest particular.

Jockey-worship is on the wane, and a good job too. John Porter once said that, in his opinion, there was not the length of his walking-



MR. DOUGLAS BAIRD'S CHAMP DE MARS.

stick difference between the best jockey and a good stable-lad, and I begin to fancy the Master of Kingsclere knew something. Opportunity is a great thing, and any jockey could win on some of the best horses we see running, while seemingly no living horse-man could make some of the bad animals win races. Jockeys are all very well

when kept in their places, but "hero-worship" is apt to give them swelled heads, and I think the attempt to turn jockeys into Society beaux has proved a wretched failure. Petted and pampered jockeys are likely enough to ape the manners of the beggar on horseback, and it would be best for the interests of sport to keep them in their proper place. The "Social" jockey is too much of a Socialist.

I am glad to see that apprentices are to have several races set apart for them at the more important meetings. Boys may be able to put in very good work on the training-grounds, and yet fail lamentably when appearing in public, for want of confidence. The rage for fashionable jockeys may abate somewhat presently. In any case, there is a great scarcity of good light-weight jockeys, and the supply should be met when the lads have had some riding in public. One or two trainers (notably, T. Jennings junior) think as much of their jockeys as they do of their horses, and they go out of their way to see that the lads under their charge get plenty of riding. But too many of our trainers decline to give their apprentices a chance unless by some accident they prove themselves to be above the average. Trainers must be taught that it is their duty to improve their boys as well as their horses.

There are rumours of one or two big card scandals, and it may be that a few of the sharps who are supposed to have extracted large sums of money from some of our young plungers of late at the card-tables will be laid by the heels. If all I hear about the schemes of the decoy-ducks is true, a move should be made to rid the sporting world of these undesirable gentry. These sharps look about for prey, and then set their nets and haul in the pretty tune. One or two of our young sports who are supposed to have lost thousands on the Turf have, as a matter of fact, lost the bulk of the money at the card-tables, where they may or may not have had a straight run for their money. My advice to all young men with plenty of money and no brains is to keep away from the card-tables and to give the decoy-ducks a wide berth.

CAPTAIN COE.

SCOTCH UNDERGRADUATES IN ATHLETICS.

The Inter-Varsity Athletic contest between the four Scotch Universities—St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh—which has been in abeyance since 1873, has just been revived, and took place at Aberdeen on the 17th inst. There were nine events on the card, and the first



THE LONG LEAP, WON BY LAING, IN THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES' ATHLETIC SPORTS.

place was to go to the University carrying the highest number of points. A start was made with the hammer, and here Gunn, of Glasgow, and Taylor, of Aberdeen, fine specimens of athletes of the first order, tied for the first place, which Gunn ultimately won. The One-Mile Race was won by Milne (Aberdeen) by a foot. In the Long Leap, Laing, of Edinburgh, took the first place with 20 ft. 9 in. on short-cropped grass, while Fitzgerald, of Glasgow, followed with a close second. The 220 Yards Flat-Race was a complete gain for Glasgow, Jeffrey and Muir, the two representatives, taking first and second places. Putting the Weight, on the other hand, was an exclusive victory for Aberdeen, Machray and Grant sharing the first and second places respectively. There was only one representative from each centre for the Hurdle Race, which was won by Fletcher (Edinburgh), while Grant (Aberdeen) got a point for the second place, Dalgleish (Glasgow) breaking down as he tried to clear the next last hurdle, and coming to grief all of a heap. He was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The Quarter-Mile Race was almost a dead-heat till within ten yards of the tape, when the two Edinburgh men (Welsh and Ford) drew slightly ahead of the others, and thus secured an exclusive victory for the Capital of Scotland. In the High Jump, Anderson (Edinburgh) cleared the bar last, while Fitzgerald (Glasgow) and Neilson (Aberdeen) divided the honours for the second place. The Hundred Yards was won by Stewart (Glasgow). Glasgow won in the aggregate by eleven points, and so holds the challenge trophy for the time being. Edinburgh was second by 8½ points, while Aberdeen managed to clear 7½. Medals specially struck were awarded the individual champions. Sir David Stewart presented the prizes in a marquee on the ground. In the evening the strangers were entertained to a Cinderella Dance in the Mitchell Hall, Marischal College, Aberdeen, when a reception by the Principal and Professors was also held.



THE MILE RACE, AT THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES' ATHLETIC SPORTS.

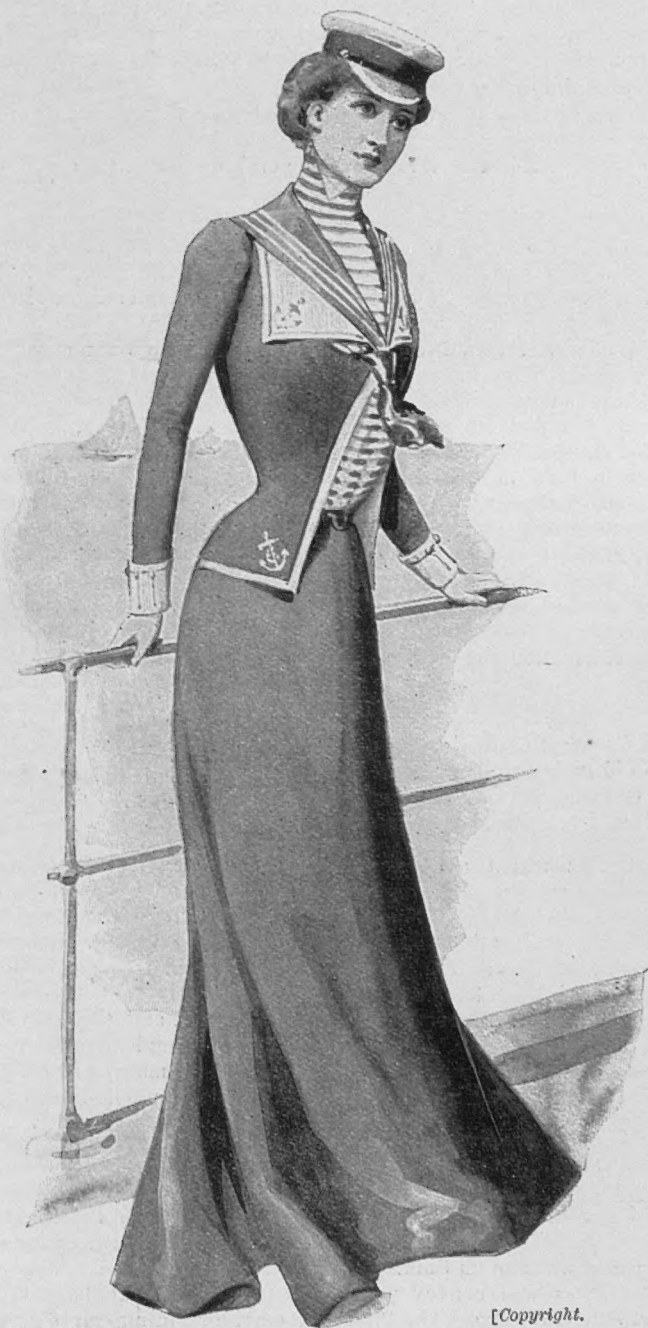
From Photographs by G. H. Mackey.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

French women of prosperous degree are now rapidly quitting the Bois and the Boulevards for those picturesque châteaux dotted plentifully over the fair land of France, which are, perhaps, the sole surviving incidents of a long-past glory as compared with our up-to-date Republican, very modern, Paris, and whose mediævalism and old associations seem to take one back at a leap to the grandeurs of a trebly historic past. The modern English country-house is a thing of beauty, gaiety, and undeniable comfort, but the classic homes of even our great families, except in a few instances, have not retained that air of romance and long-past glory which seems inseparable from the French château, where the feudal air still clings and the retainers are to the manner born, and really such, preserving in their simple faith that attitude of homage towards long descent which the present state of prosperous middle-classism has done much to efface in England, and which, curious as it may sound, is more noticeable in Catholic communities, as in Ireland and France, than amongst the orthodox surroundings of "shopkeeping" England.

When departing from the Gay City at this season, the Parisienne takes with her, into her idyllic pastoral surroundings, moreover, a very complete and comprehensive wardrobe to meet all the exigencies of the outdoor time which now approaches. Garden-party dresses, fête-gowns, dainty indoor toilettes, and of late years the sporting tailor-built frock, which primarily hails from athletic England, are all in the bill. The French house-party is so very carefully arranged for these occasions that we in England who have not a de Montmorency or a de Mohun or



[Copyright.]

A NAUTICAL GOWN.

a d'Uzes on our visiting list can, perhaps, hardly appreciate the extreme splendour and yet simplicity which still prevails among the old noblesse of the highest civilisation in the world when surrounded by its own ancestral forests and far from the bourgeoisie of modern Paris.

The Comtesse Boni de Castellane, who will be shortly on the wing, like all other Mondaines of the set into which she has married, has just had herself made a most charming dress, intended for outdoor country occasions. It is of pale-blue satin-cloth, made tight and in the



[Copyright.]

A DESIGN FOR A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK.

"Princesse" shape. It fastens at the back invisibly, and the skirt is treated to long lapels outlined in black chenille exquisitely cut and draped.

Automobilism, which has received such a shock in the closing of its Club, and been crowned with so much success in the exhibition held this week, is a fashion to which all the Continental world has subscribed except this conservative little island, and the *vêtement d'automobile* is now inevitably included in a well-dressed woman's autumn arrangements. Meanwhile, some of the dresses which are being made for country wear with this form of sport are nothing less than bewitching. Taffetas seems to be first favourite in this connection, as the dust of the road is so easily shaken off it. A simple dress of tan-coloured taffetas has just been made for that Motor Queen *par excellence*, the Princess Carl, who, not content with her laurels of the road, gathered in her late journey from Paris to Baden-Baden, is now again starting with her husband on a longer and more ambitious trip. Another of her dresses is of dove-coloured silk-alpaca, trimmed with stitched bands in a darker shade; the lapels and collar, of white batiste, are removable. All the Princess's parasols are being made to match her dresses. American women also now pervade *la Ville Lumière* on all sides, and every first-rate dressmaker's salons therein besides, almost to the exclusion of every other customer.

One great drawback to their lavish purchases, however, is the unreasonable difficulty which the American Customs laws impose on the importation of almost any form of wearing-apparel. I have heard stories which would be tragic if they were not also ludicrous as to the "tricks and manners," as Jenny Wren would say, of Transatlantic Customs officers, their ruthless disregard of protests or appeals, and their

altogether heartless usage of the delicate chiffons which have been so expensively purchased and so carefully packed for the homeward-bound journey, only to receive contumely and ill-treatment from the sacrilegious hands of the masculine heathen on arrival.

The last pathetic story in this connection, which reaches me from a little friend who had laid in a smart trousseau for the "fall" at Narragansett, is that an altogether ravishing hat of sky-blue and pink chiffon garnished with many-shaded clematis, a creation for which she had paid out an extremely generous number of francs, was, on its arrival, ruthlessly dragged from its careful coverings of tissue, and so soiled and disfigured by the unfeeling and altogether disrespectful hands of a zealous official that it was rendered absolutely unwearable; nor does there seem to be any possible cure for this sad state of things in a Republic so very autocratic as that which is symbolised by the Star-Spangled Banner.

Apropos of those who travel in this travelling season which is just about to begin, I have been asked by several correspondents to recommend

children, which are being sold off ridiculously cheap, will, moreover, attract matrons and mothers of our prolific community, while the very smartest of smart sunshades are available from five shillings upwards, and capital driving-coats, the very thing for autumn wanderings, are made in many shades of drab box-cloth, and cut to admiration, all for an easily procurable two and a-half guineas.

Perhaps no occasion of the Season foregathered so many pretty and well-dressed women as did last week's great Bazaar. Some of the dresses were absolutely lovely, and the Duchess of Sutherland, in her pink draperies of the second day, never looked to better advantage. Notwithstanding her hundred engagements, the Duchess found time to stay throughout Mr. Percy Colson's concert, which was, indeed, one of the most smartly attended functions of the sort this Season, Lady William Lennox, Lord Llangattock, Lord Tredegar, Mrs. Culme-Seymour, Mrs. Dighton Probyn, Mrs. Arthur Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hervey, Mr. David Bispham, Mrs. Yorke Bevan, Miss Helen Henniker, Lady Hardman, Mr. Reginald Ward, Mr. Trevor Wheler, Lord Kinnaird, Lady Arthur Hill, Lady Bective, and the Dowager Lady Lockhart-Ross being present amongst a hundred others.

The Chelsea Committee of the Children's Country Holiday Fund send me this week a pathetic reminder of their existence, of their needs, and of their wants. Surely it will not be necessary in this pleasant summer weather, when the dog-rose is in the hedges and buttercups yellow the long grass, to remind those familiar with such good things of life that there are children in the slums whose brick-bound lives are never vouchsafed glimpses of the green paradise which lies beyond the city-gates. The greatest charity of all lies, perhaps, in bringing one definite spot of colour into such dun-grey lives as the city children live; and if we, with a little self-sacrifice, send our shilling or guinea, as the case may be, towards the purchase of a fortnight's holiday for those in such sore need, the trifling inconvenience which it may entail is surely well accepted, and will not be remembered to our discredit. Miss Enid Dickens, of 2, Egerton Place, South Kensington, interests herself in this most excellent work, and informs me that she will receive subscriptions on the children's behalf, as a member of the Committee.

From children to perambulators is not a long step, and the connection will be made evident when I mention that, at the Duchess of Portland's stall for the Charing Cross Bazaar, where so many smart young men were assisting this week, the crux of the whole situation was an extremely gorgeous canoe-perambulator, which Messrs. Leveson were good enough to send for the charitable cause, and which was more raffled for than, perhaps, any other article in its immediate environment.

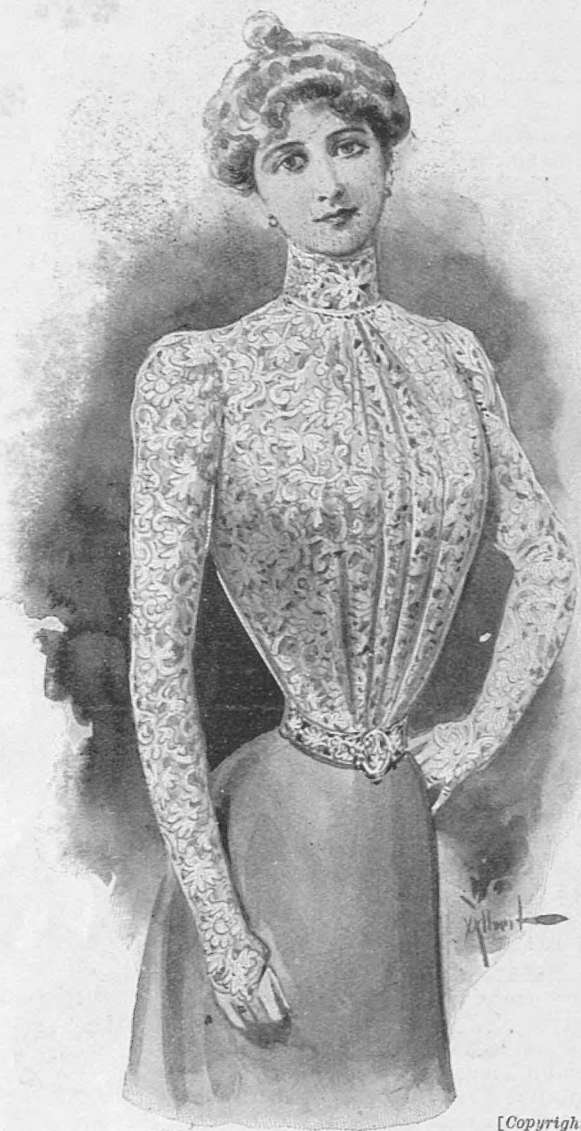
So far, little has been done in familiarising the poor with really good music, but the Passmore Edwards Settlement, in Tavistock Square, has taken the initiative in this excellent scheme of well-arranged concerts, which are intended to lift the Submerged Tenth from this work-a-day world into the Elysian fields of beautiful sound. In this connection I have been asked to mention the Charles Williams Orchestra, founded by Miss Audrey Chapman last year, as it is not composed alone of the best amateurs, but professionals to boot. Concerts are given by these devoted artists on Saturday nights, and the musical lectures are illustrated with string or song and gradually educating the masses into intelligent and appreciative audiences.

Last Friday evening a most charming concert was given at St. James's Hall, at which Mr. Plunkett Greene, Mrs. Liddell, and Mr. Leonard Borwick assisted, with the object of aiding the fund for providing these free concerts in poor districts. This laudable object deserves all the encouragement that the leisured classes can afford to give it. SYBIL.

The Corporation of the City of London have entrusted the manufacture of the gold casket to be presented to Mr. J. Henniker-Heaton on July 20 to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, whose design was selected in open competition.

Much amusement and excitement was caused last Saturday by a cyclist who carried a giant dummy feeding-bottle on his back, on which were the words "Mellin's Food." The route taken was by the Crystal Palace, Thornton Heath, Selhurst, Croydon, through various villages on to Merstham, Redhill, and Earlswood, from whence he returned to London, passing through Reigate, Sutton, Streatham, and Brixton. A great deal of cheering and laughter greeted the cyclist *en route*, and this served only to attract more attention. The cyclist was kind enough to offer interested spectators a taste of the noted "Food," and though many seemed to scorn the idea of ever having to resort to it, they were compelled to laugh.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce many important alterations and additions to their train service, beginning in July. An additional first and third-class corridor dining-car express will leave King's Cross at 11.20 a.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c. The 8.15 p.m. special Scotch sleeping-car express from King's Cross will run on Sundays as well as on week-days. The 10 a.m. Scotch express will convey passengers to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c. The 2.20 p.m. corridor dining-car express will convey passengers for York, Newcastle, and Edinburgh. In connection with the Norway services, a special boat-express will be run from King's Cross to Hull at 10.55 a.m. on each Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday until Aug. 19 inclusive, and from Hull to King's Cross at 9.15 a.m. each Monday until Sept. 25 inclusive. The 9.20 a.m. express from King's Cross to Nottingham, Manchester, &c., will be altered to leave at 10.25 a.m., and run correspondingly later throughout.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING LACE BODICE.

a soap which is perfectly hygienic and is, at the same time, useful to take abroad, where it is not always easy to obtain this specific in perfection. To all such and sundry I can recommend the new "White Swan Soap," which floats in water, and which has lately been brought out by Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight, Cheshire. This Swan Soap is made from pure vegetable oils, and is equally excellent for washing delicate fabrics, such as lace, silks, &c., as for the skin. In the bath it is invaluable, and, as one of its specialties is that it floats in water, it cannot be lost, and you have not the wear and tear of mind undergone in diving for a slippery tablet which has a tantalising, elusive way of escaping from the most pursuing fingers.

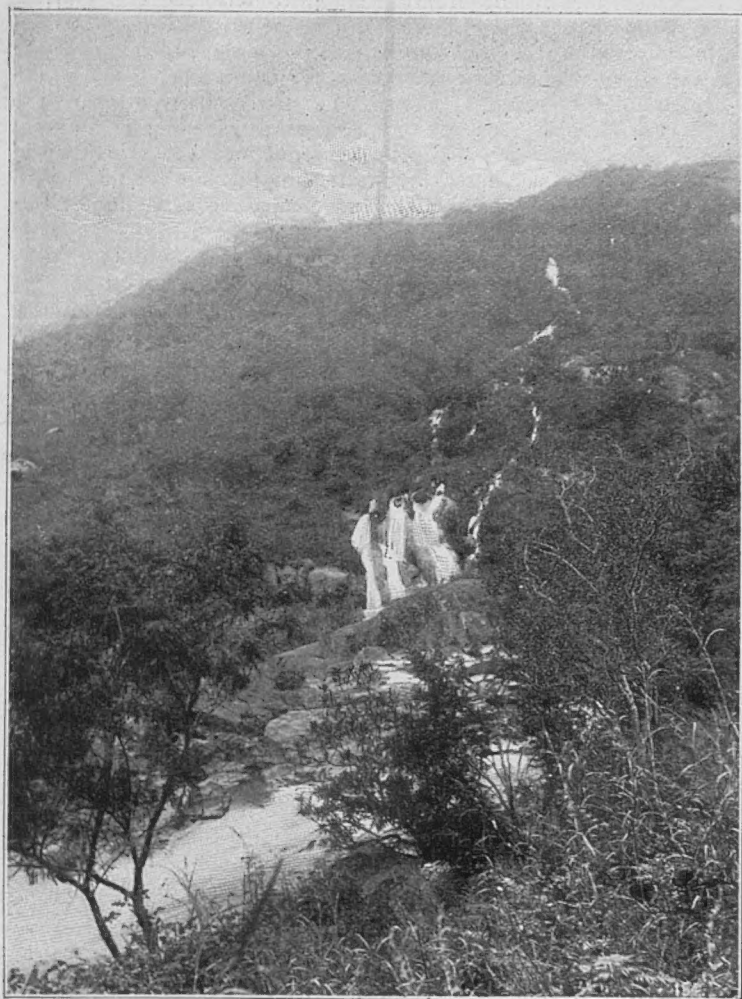
Peter Robinson's summer sale, which began on Monday, is, as usual, the great attraction of that classic corner in Oxford Street familiar to people in all parts of the world, but most of all to the discerning fair of London Town. This season's clearing of unsold stock seems almost unprecedented, if one may judge by the eager entrance and beaming exits of the foregathered womenkind who, amongst other treasure-trove, have discovered that over six thousand yards of all sorts and colours in fancy silk, striped and otherwise, are being practically given away at a modest shilling per yard. This attractive item is but one amongst a dozen others, however, which each draws beauty by a single hair to Oxford Street. Some of the new-shaped skirts that, for example, originally stood at nine guineas, are now being rendered up for a quarter of that sum. Lovely silk underskirts, whose swish and frou-frou are dear to the heart of women, may again be negotiated for at prices get-at-able by the slimmest purse. Charming costumes for

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 11.

A UNITED AUSTRALIA.

At last have the leaders of the Federation movement in Australia succeeded in bringing New South Wales into accord with the public opinion voiced so emphatically last year by the other colonies of the



VIEW NEAR PIGG'S PEAK, BARBERTON, TRANSVAAL.

continent. Twelve months ago, the number of New South Wales' votes cast in favour of Federation was 71,595, while the minimum number by which the scheme could be raised to the dignity of practical politics was 80,000. Last Wednesday's returns showed that more than twenty thousand votes had been given this year above the minimum required, and there is not much doubt that Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia will pass the preliminary measure with immense majorities. West Australia, which rather sulked last year owing to the example of New South Wales, will probably find reasons for altering her mind, now that the biggest colony has spoken out so unmistakably, and the result of the Referendum to be taken in Tasmania can be safely counted upon as favourable to Federation. Queensland is to observe the Referendum Day as a public holiday, and the anniversary will probably be kept in this way for ever, unless another holiday is proclaimed upon the happy day that sees the consummation of the Federation measure.

THE MINING MARKETS.

With the "situation" changing several times a day, it is difficult to attempt anything in the shape of particular advice as regards Kaffirs, writing four days before these lines will catch the reader's eye; but, generally speaking, people who have bought South Africans as speculative investments should stick to their shares and wait for brighter days. The more acute the fall, the higher will be the rebound when peace shall have been declared; and, just as the present existing level of prices has been largely due to nervous fears, there is the certainty that the rise—when it comes—will be carried to extravagant lengths.

This is the view that prevails in the Stock Exchange, and, on the least suspicion of better news, the "bears" fly to cover, in the wild feeling that the psychological moment has come for the tide to turn. A strong impression that there will be no war is general. A poster of the *St. James's Gazette*, its flaming lines announcing the Boer plan of campaign and suchlike evening journalese, was attached to one of the Kaffir notice-boards as a huge joke, and the incident is quite sufficient to show how the wind blows behind the "main-door" in Throgmorton Street.

West Australians have so recently been booming that their slumplet was all in the nature of things, especially as fears of heavy Contango-rates were busily circulated. Money was dearer this Saturday morning in some cases, because it was wanted to meet differences on Kaffirs, for one thing, and there was also the stiffening tendency in the open market to be reckoned with. These financial difficulties are, of course, merely temporary, but a more serious contributor to the flatness of Westralians is the report that Adelaide, frightened by the demoralisation in the Kaffir Market, is hastening to unload some of her shares in London. The rumour appears, to those well capable of judging, to be far-fetched, and House men say they cannot see much trace of colonial unloading. While the course of Kaffirs is likely to be chequered and unsettled for a long period, there seems a likelihood of the Westralian advance being renewed at any moment.

The "Little Kaffirs" are severely neglected, and many of the jobbers in the Miscellaneous Market have lately moved their tents into the adjacent Kangaroo area. The Copper shares which are dealt with outside the Foreign Market are quiet to stagnant. Indians are neglected, and one rarely hears so much as the name of a New Zealander.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

While the market waits for some definite indication as to whether it is to be peace or war between this country and the Transvaal, our Johannesburg correspondent continues to look upon the mining industry from a purely commercial point of view, which cannot fail to be interesting, even amidst the war-clouds, for, after all, come what may, it is the veritable gold-producing capacity of the various mines which is of the most vital importance to the investor, if not to the mere gambler.

We are able to reproduce two photographs in connection with the well-known Pigg's Peak Gold-Mining Company's property, thanks to the kindness of Mr. William Woodley, of Hastings. The first illustration gives a view of the natives employed by the company in full dancing-dress, with the son of the manager and the baby daughter of the secretary in the foreground; the other is a view of the country near the mine.

ALONG THE WEST RAND.

The West Rand has lately come into a new lease of public favour, chiefly on account of the success of the Lancaster, which is exceeding all estimates. There are, however, failures as well as successes to be recorded on a trip along the lines of reef beyond the Witpoortje break.

Grey's Mynpacht, beyond the Gordon Company's ground, is in a very critical condition. So far as I could learn, there are only four miners at work, and the reef is exceedingly patchy. Some days they have it and others they have to do without—so I was informed. The main shaft is down 900 feet, and in the lower levels the reef is very flat. One is struck with the excellent little plant—a perfect model on a twenty-stamp basis. Yields from the first have been miserably poor, and the concern cannot hold out much longer. If this is the best goods the Adler Consolidated can put forward, the rest of that company's assets had better all be quietly removed from public view. It is a bad feature that a shaft



SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES AT PIGG'S PEAK.

From Photographs supplied by W. Woodley, Hastings.

which was being put down by the French Rand, immediately to the west, on the old Teutonia's ground, has apparently been abandoned.

The prospects of the French Rand are favourable, from a working point of view. The mine is opening fairly well, and the size of the property is such that one would think the proper thing to do would be to float one or two subsidiaries. There is ground enough for three separate mines, all working on a fairly large and presumably payable scale. One would take over the present deep-level shaft and ground, the payability of which has been proved; another might take over the old Teutonia ground, and a third could be carved out of the deep-levels. All this ground carries the Botha Reef series, and, at least some of it, the Battery Reef as well. Of course, the financial position of the French Rand is what blocks the way to any big scheme such as I have outlined; but with the company now earning profits in a small way, only good times are required to make the realisation of such a scheme possible. Seymour, the consulting engineer, deserves very great credit for the admirable way all arrangements at the French Rand have been carried out.

The Champ d'Or is preparing to treat its stock of old slimes, and an increased output will be got from this source. At the Windsor, further west on the Botha's Reef, fair profits are being shown by dint of rigid economy. The Main Reef of the series is a big body of ore, and this means low mining-costs; but the South Reef, a smaller body, is about to be tackled, and this may entail a slight change in the conditions. If my memory serves me rightly, this property was knocked down for £17,000 before the 1894-95 "boom," but, of course, a good deal of money has been spent on it since then, and the battery has been enlarged to 50 stamps.

Beyond the Windsor comes the large mynpacht of the Luipaard's Vlei Estate Company. Wedged in between two good profit-earners, there seems no reason why this company should not do well. Lately, the portion adjoining the Windsor has been floated off as a subsidiary, its name being the appropriate one of The Eton. Luipaard's Vlei has had the misfortune of being in the control of experimentalists. In the hands of the Ecksteins or the Farrars or Goerz and Co., Luipaard's Vlei would now be paying dividends, and, if one or other of those firms took over the control to-day, it is pretty certain the first thing they would do would be to discard the dry-crushing plant on the ground and erect an orthodox stamp-mill. But the shareholders are apparently content to see their money frittered away on experiments in dry crushing, and, if this is so, no one else has a right to complain. Crushing has been suspended for some months, but a big squad of miners is at work on development, and the surface plant is being enlarged and improved. Undoubtedly the ground, which is of great extent, is of considerable value, the deep-level portions included, while ground-rents in the not distant future ought to form a good asset in the company's revenue.

The Lancaster has astonished everybody, even those connected with it. It has turned out better than the most sanguine expectations, though the mine was always a favourite of mine, and when I spent a day on it in July 1897, in company with Captain Rodda, who was then the manager, I came to the conclusion that the property was an excellent investment, and strongly advised readers of *The Sketch* to buy the shares, then about 40s. A number of photographs of the mine were given in *The Sketch* at that time. Messrs. Goerz and Co. have reason to be proud of this mine. Its equipment, according to present-day ideas, is simply perfect, and it is only fair to say that the plant has mostly been made in Germany. The best development at present is on the Botha's series, of which the company has the dip. A new shaft has just been started on the middle of the large property to strike the series at a lower depth, and it will connect up with one on the Lancaster West, immediately to the west. There are 100 stamps running now, and early next century, when the deep shaft is in working order, it is proposed to largely increase this number.

At the Lancaster West they are just beginning to crush, and good returns are expected here also, though it would be predicting a good deal to say they would be up to those of the Lancaster. At the Cyanide Works they have adopted the old system of settling-pits—expensive, as it entails a lot of manual labour. On the whole, the mine is equipped in not nearly so elaborate a manner as the Lancaster. At the Violet the property is waiting on the will of the home shareholder, and, as regards Randfontein, we are all waiting to see what Mr. Hays Hammond will say about it.

AN INVESTMENT TRUST.

The little Trusts which we have introduced into these Notes appear to have met with so much favour that we give another sample this week, feeling sure that, if those of our readers who have money to invest would from week to week cut out the lists we put together, they will be able to obtain comparatively good interest for their money with a very moderate risk. We suggest the following five investments for £1000—

	Cost (about).	Income.
200 United States Debenture Corporation 5½ p. c. Pref. stock	£210	£11
200 Simson and McPherson Brewery 4½ Debentures	185	9
200 River Plate Electric Light and Traction Company's 5 per cent. Debenture stock	180	10
200 Lehigh Valley Railway 6 per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds	220	12
20 National Discount shares, £5 paid	220	11
	£1015	£53

All the above are officially quoted and readily marketable. The risks appear to us well spread, as the various enterprises all depend upon different conditions for prosperity. The United States Debenture Corporation pays 7½ per cent. upon £150,000 of ordinary capital behind the Preference stock, and the income from investments more than amply secures dividends on both classes of share. The Brewery Debentures, according to the statements in the prospectus, are well secured, and dividends are paid upon 5½ per cent. Preference shares and Ordinary shares, ranking behind the Debenture stock, while the Lehigh Valley Railway traffics are such as to justify a considerable increase in the value of the 6 per cent. Mortgage bonds. No more solid company carries on business in the City of London than the National Discount, which has paid from 11 to 12 per cent. for many years. Of course, there is an uncalled liability upon its shares, which is an objection to many people, and, for those who will not take the risk, we would suggest the 4 per cent. Debentures of the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, which is a very progressive stock and likely to increase considerably in value if the Argentine continues prosperous. The Preference shares behind the Debentures are receiving a portion of the dividend due, and at 91 this 4 per cent. security may well have a rise of ten or fifteen points in the course of the next year or two.

THAT TELEPHONE AGAIN.

The National Telephone Company can safely depend upon coming in for its fullest share of attention in every "silly season." The recent debates in the House of Commons have given fresh impetus to the seething mass of indignation which burns in the bosoms of most people whose lines are cast anywhere near those of the National Telephone Company. It is only the deep-seated respect that every Englishman cherishes for the rights of property which has protected the almost intolerable monopoly for so long.

Although the idea of nationalisation appears to be temporarily shelved, there can be no doubt that the rise in the shares has been caused by purchases on behalf of those who think that the Telephone Company will be bought up, sooner or later, by the State. This would be, of course, the very best thing that could happen for the shareholders, because the feeling in the City is peace at any reasonable price, only a decent service. The company could make its own terms, and the shares would develop into gambling counters. Arbitration might, however, be called in, and, seeing how some of the Tramway companies fared under this arrangement when taken over by the County Council, National Telephones might have rather a bad time. But, even so, private interests must be safeguarded, and people who bought the shares on the faith of the monopoly running into 1911 certainly have more claims than those who merely groan under the miserable service every day—and fifty times a day. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the price of National Telephones will improve, simply because of the eagerness with which any scheme is welcomed that will do away with the present company. A dozen more years under the present system is too terrible to think of, and, when one reads the statistics of cost and number of users in other countries, there comes a feeling of humiliation that this country should lag so far behind such little nations as Switzerland or Sweden.

A SMALL ISSUE.

We propose to send to our correspondents a prospectus of J. W. Singer and Son, Limited, which is, in our opinion, a sound Industrial concern, and in which some 6 per cent. Preference shares and some 4 per cent. Debentures are offered for subscription. The profits for 1897 were £4822, and for 1898 £4980; the capital consists of £20,000 4 per cent. Debentures, secured on assets valued at £27,000, and 40,000 shares, of which one-half are 6 per cent. Preference, so that both the Debenture interest and Preference dividend appear amply secured. The business is that of art metal-workers, and among the many celebrated productions of the firm are the casting of the Boadicea statue, by the late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft; the Oliver Cromwell, by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.; the metal-work at Salisbury Cathedral, and many other equally famous works which we have no space to enumerate. We dislike to recommend a new issue, but the artistic repute of the firm is great, and our correspondents shall have an opportunity of reading the prospectus for themselves.

ISSUES.

John Joule and Sons, Limited, is a company which has been formed to take over the well-known Brewery business of John Joule and Sons, carried on at Stone, in Staffordshire. First Mortgage Debenture stock to the extent of £200,000 only is offered for subscription, carrying 4 per cent. interest, and it appears very well secured, as the valuation shows assets amounting to £429,000, which, with book-debts, &c., bring the total security up to £497,000. The profits for the last three years are set out in detail and show a steady increase, with an average of over £18,000 a-year. The Debenture stock offered should be readily absorbed by investors, and appears to us a really good 4 per cent. security.

The Isle of Man Breweries, Limited, is a company formed to take over three breweries, two wine-and-spirit businesses, sundry hotels, and some shops in the Isle of Man. One John A. Brown is the promoter, and he is offering 4 per cent. Debentures, 5 per cent. Preference, and Ordinary shares to the public. The whole style of the prospectus is, or should be, enough to prevent a prudent man from putting a penny into the venture, for, apart from its resemblance to a New York "Yellow" rag, the profit-certificate is most unsatisfactory, while, according to the valuation, apart from goodwill, £520,000 worth of property is to be sold by the philanthropic Mr. Brown for £475,000, which includes his profit, and that not a small one! The prospectus not only violates all canons of good taste in the way of printing and paper, but does not comply with the Companies Acts, without any waiver clause to save it. Our readers had better leave the whole concern severely alone.

Saturday, June 24, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GILCHRIST.—We still think well of the mine, subject to the political situation. The shares might be bought. Very likely what you suggest is true as to the relationship, but the paper in question puffs so many things that most people have given up taking any notice of it.

W. J. J.—We have been buying ourselves some Copiapo shares. What more can we say?

G. C. W.—Your kind letter has been handed to the Publishing Department. The suggestion is a good one, but the City Editor has nothing to do with the make-up of any part of the paper except his own department.

VIATOR.—The Debentures do appear cheap, but they were not well subscribed, and probably underwriters are still stuck. We will make inquiries as to the market, but expect it is not a "free" one.

G. M.—The price is one guinea, less, we think, threepence in the shilling, and the book is published at 26, Nicholas Lane, E.C.; but you can order through any bookseller.

CROAKER.—We distrust the people connected with the African concern, and would not put a penny into their hands. The West Australian Company is better, but it has a lot of bad eggs.

S. A. T.—Thanks. We will try to give such a Trust as you suggest next week.

NORTHERNER.—The question of how to furnish rooms and the value of articles of furniture does not belong to our department. We cannot help you.